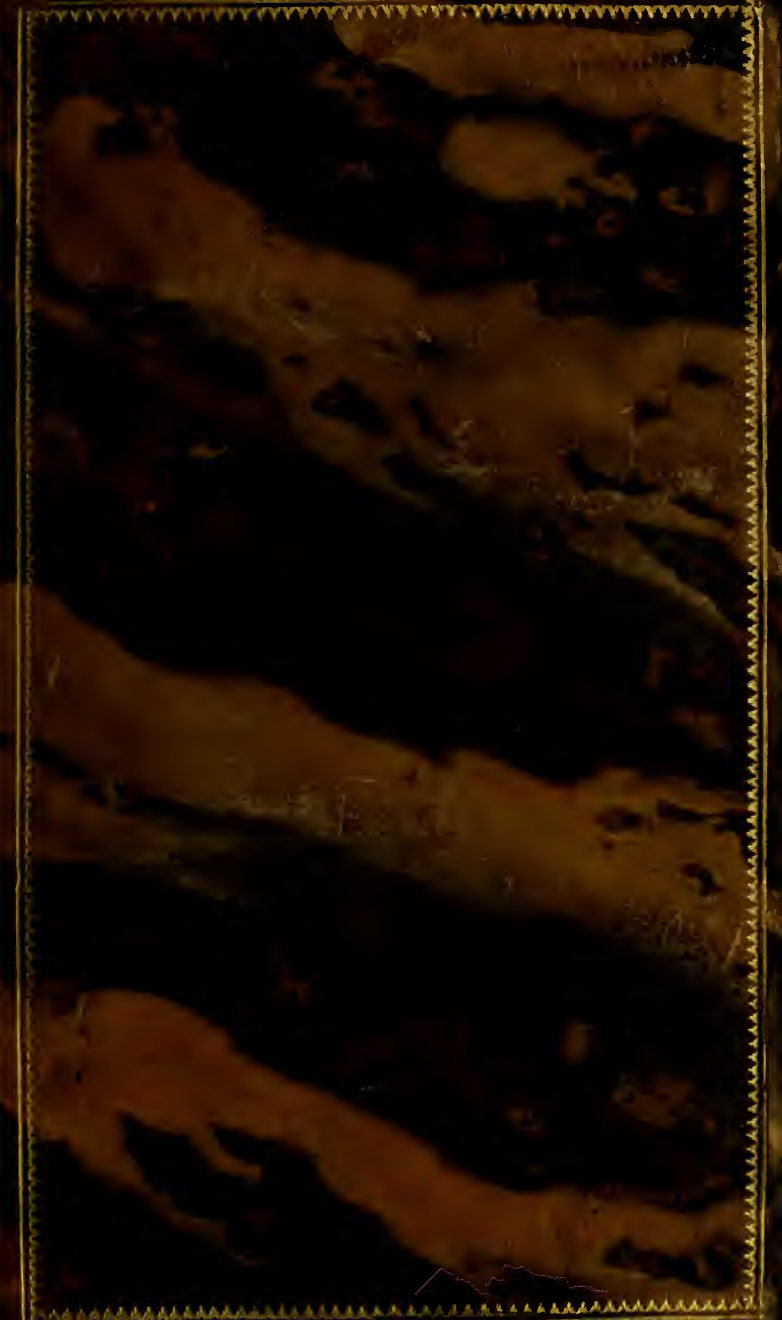

CELINA;

OR,

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

VOL. III.

CELINA;

OR,

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

A NOVEL.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY SARAH ANN HOOK.

I'll ſhew thee friendſhip delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die;
Reserve will wound it, and diſtruſt deſtroy
Deliberate on all things with thy friend. YOUNG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY A. PARIS, ROLLS' BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE,
AND SOLD NO. 14, WARWICK COURT, HOLBORN.
Alſo by all the Bookſeller's.
1802.

CELINA, &c.

CHAP. I.

"O! my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
"When love deplores the tyrant power of gain.
"Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
"I rise superior and the rich disdain.

SHENSTONE.

ONE evening, after tea, as Celina was taking her leave of Mr. Clarke, and settling the excursion of the next morning at the outer door of the antichamber (Mrs. Conway having retired for the night, much fatigued with the day's amusements), a waiter put a note into her hand, which, on

returning to her chamber, ſhe opened—her ſurpriſe and agitation were not to be expreſſed, when ſhe ſaw the well known writing of Edward—ſhe examined it all round, but could not read the contents—hope and fear, joy and fear, alternately filled her breaſt.

At length, it informed her, that Edward was that inſtant arrived, had taken apartments at La Boths, where he ſhould wait with the utmoſt impatience for an anſwer, ſtating, when and how ſhe might have an interview, when he would inform her the reaſon of his journey, and bury the recollection of his preſent miſeries in her company; alſo earneſtly requeſted ſhe would on no account let Mrs. Conway know of his arrival.

Celina was greatly diſtreſſed and knew not how to act; to viſit or receive him ſecretly ſhe much diſapproved; yet her heart pleaded powerfully his cauſe. After much debating, ſhe determined to ſee him there.

Mrs. Page was ſhut up for the night with her miſtreſs; the courier and footman, as is the cuſtom every evening, amuſing themſelves in ſome part of the city; no one to attend her but the waiter, to whom ſhe

was not known, ſhe knew his viſit would remain a ſecret.

Scarcely had her anſwer left the room, when ſhe found herſelf in Edward's arms; the tumultuous emotions that agitated his manly breaſt deprived him of the power of utterance; he claſped Celina fondly to his heart, while his eyes told a tale of unutterable woe!

"For heavens ſake!" ſaid Celina, "tell me the cauſe of all this—why this violent agitation? this ſpeechleſs diſtreſs? why this ſudden and ſecret appearance? your looks trrify me! ſpeak, and relieve this dreadful ſuſpenſe!"

"O, Celina! if you really feel that ſincere and delicate affection for me, which I have long fondly flattered myſelf you do, the ſtory I have to unfold will wound your ſuſceptible heart."

"Of my affection you have now no reaſon to doubt, and no certain evil can torture my boſom more than the ten thouſand poſſible ills that now crowd upon my mind."

"Where can I begin? what can I ſay? how tell to you my ſorrows?"

"The woiſt firſt, my Edward—your un-

cle has discovered our attachment, and forbids the intercourse: and must the purest of all passions cease to actuate us? the sincerest of all attachments cease to exist; must all vanish and die at his command?"

"No, Celina, that cannot, shall not be the case; I have travelled post on the wings of unutterable impatience, without the knowledge of my uncle, in the hope of prevailing with you to put it out of all human power to separate us, for ever! a temporary separation must unavoidably take place, and it will be my greatest consolation and happiness to know, that you are mine by the most indissoluble of ties?"

"Press me no more, Edward, for on that subject you already know my sentiments. Favour me with a detail of what has passed between you and your uncle; be ingenuous, hide nothing from me."

"You must be obeyed, though the task is painful in the extreme.

"On my return to town I found my uncle anxiously waiting my arrival: after kindly enquiring of the health of my cousin, he informed me he was about to visit an old friend and school-fellow, Ap Price, in Wales, and wished me to accompany him; to which I instantly consented, and the be-

ginning of the following week we left town. We were received with the moſt friendly cordiality by Mr. Ap Price and his family, which conſiſted only of himſelf, his wife, and daughter.

" The firſt fortnight of our viſit paſſed pleaſantly.

" Our mornings were ſpent in ſhooting or courſing, and our evenings in dancing and cards. Miſs Ap Price was always my partner; it was of little conſequence to me to what lady I gave my hand for the night, as the woman of my ſoul was far away, and all preſent poſſeſſed charms alike."

" Politeneſs dictated my attentions to Miſs Ap Price, who can boaſt neither perſonal attractions or mental accompliſhments.

" One morning, during a ſtroll in ſearch of game, my uncle and I being alone, our converſation led on from one ſubject to another till Miſs Ap Price at laſt became our topic. His panegyrics on his friend's fair daughter were poured forth in the higheſt ſtrain of eulogium, in which I cordially agreed, and aſſiſted in drawing ſome of her virtues to his view.

" I am happy, my boy, continued he, to

find your diſcernment ſo clear, and your judgment and taſte ſo correct; ſhe is a fine girl, and it is my wiſh, that, one day or other, ſhe may make a part of my family, and the ſooner the better, Ned; I long to ſee a ſon of thine before I die, that I may judge what ſort of an heir thou wilt produce to my eſtate, which I mean to purchaſe before my return.

"To-morrow we will ride over it, accompanied by my friend; it is contiguous to his, and, when he dies, the two together will be a handſome poſſeſſion, neat fifteen hundred per ann. (Mr. Ap Price's is at leaſt nine hundred).

"It will be a good ſpeculation, my boy; no doubt you will ſucceed; my old friend is much attached to you, and has with pleaſure obſerved your polite attentions to his daughter: you are in the right road, my boy, puſh on, and you carry all before you; a proſperous journey this will prove my lad—ſhe is a girl of ſterling worth, ignorant of the faſhionable diſſipations of London—her expences may be circumſcribed and directed—you may train her to your will, and make her a model of houſewifery and obedience.

"Judge, my Celina, of my heart at this

propoſal; my heart became almoſt a petrifaction during his harangue.

" After waiting ſome time for my reply, he continued: what, Ned, does the idea fill you with extacy? bravo, my lad! lay the terms of dealing before her to-night; loſe no time, beg her to make the conſignment in your favour; tell her no houſe in the city does buſineſs on more equitable terms, and through your management her money will return cent. per cent.

" What, not a word yet?

" My mind diſtracted by the moſt diſtreſſing idea, my heart burſting with the moſt painful feelings, I determined to declare that my choice was fixed, my election made.

" After a few hems, I expreſſed extreme ſorrow, that it was not in my power to obey him in this particular, that every other action of my life he ſhould direct, but the choice of a wife I truſted he would leave to me.

" What ſay you, young man, returned he, not obey me; why? for what reaſon? and what better choice can you make than a woman of good fortune?

" No man in his ſenſes would marry without the certainty of a large fortune; a

woman that brings a man twenty thousand pounds repays him but ill for tying himself to her for life;—they are losing articles at best;—as to beauty and accomplishments they are all a farce.

"She is the most desirable who has the most money; and even my friend's daughter without money would make as intolerable a wife as my friend's broad fac'd Welsh cook.

"Why, Sir, you began, said I, by extolling her accomplishments and beauties.

"So I did, Ned, but it was her fortune threw a light on them.

"I am sorry, said I, to hear that such are your ideas of marriage, that it should be carried on between the parties as a contract of business and gain.

"The first and principal object, in my opinion, is an enlightened, pure, untainted mind, a sympathy of sentiment,—a soft amiable disposition, and a pleasing person; these are enough to make man happy, money is but a secondary consideration; I allow it is an agreeable ingredient; but with such a woman, a mere subsistence, earned by hard labour, is preferable to every luxury on earth with Miss Ap Price.

" Very well, Sir; very well, Sir, then it is your determination not to marry her; you refuse, do you? you undutiful boy! but I will fit you, I will marry her myself; then I shall have an heir, and you shall not have a shilling of my money!

' A woman without a fortune preferable to Miss Ap Price! I never heard of such nonsense; what beggar's brat with a pretty face have you got in your eye, tell me?

" None, Sir; it does not follow, because I cannot approve the woman you propose, I am attached to another.

" But you shall approve her; you shall like her! I insist upon it; to-morrow I shall look over the estate, and no doubt shall purchase it; I then will give you a week or two to think on the business; I hope by that time you will come to your senses, and not persist in your idle opinions of sense and beauty—all stuff! Who ever thought of marrying a woman for her good sense?

" Why, you silly boy, they always presume to dictate to their husbands, and, under a vain supposition of their superiority, they contend that to rule is their province, not to be ruled: Ned, Ned, you will curse the hour you were born, if ever you marry a woman of sense, as you call them.

"Pardon me, Sir, but I fear I ſhould curſe the hour of my birth if I married a fool!

"Pſhaw! what matter what the woman is, if ſhe has plenty of money, and no wiſh to ſpend it; ſome of your amiable women are very extravagant, but the woman I propoſe to you has no idea of extravagance, and ſhe is the only woman I ſhall ever conſent to your marrying!

"I ſhall be ſorry to diſobey you, Sir; yet, in this inſtance, I feel it totally out of my power to do otherwiſe.

"Look to your conduct, Sir; as you obey me, ſo I ſhall deal with you.

"He pronounced this laſt ſentence with ſo menacing a frown, that it ſhook my very ſoul; never did I ſee ſo much anger depicted in his countenance.

"I remained ſilent during the reſt of the walk, and, as my whole thoughts were engaged on the late diſtreſſing ſubject, my eyes were ſeldom lifted from the ground: the game remained unſought for, and I was unconſcious that I held a gun in my hand.

"After walking a conſiderable time by the ſide of my uncle, regardleſs of all that paſſed, he ſaid:

" Well, Edward, I ſee we ſhall have no ſport this morning, let us return.

" I anſwered with a ſigh.

" As ſoon as we entered the houſe I ran to my room; there, in a moſt miſerable ſtate of mind, I paſſed the morning till dinner, I invoked the gentle ſpirit of my mother, to look down on the affliction of her ſon, and by ſome ſecret influence ſoften the cruel mercenary mind of my uncle, leſt I ſhould be driven to deſperation. With you, my dear Celina, did I converſe, till the dinner-bell aroufed me from my painful reverie to a more acute ſenſe of my ſituation.

" To ſit down at the table, moſt probably by the ſide of the woman, the cauſe of all my preſent ſufferings, I could not bear the idea of; to pay her my accuſtomed civilities and attentions, I feared would not be in my power, and to act otherwiſe would be unmannerly.

" As I was meditating an excuſe for not appearing at dinner, my uncle entered the room. The diſtreſs viſible in my countenance very much ſoftened the aſperity of his.

" Edward, ſaid he, in a tender accent, dinner is on table.

"ſhould be happy, Sir, ſaid I, if you would make my excuſe to the family—I have no appetite, and am by no means well.

"If you, Edward, ſaid he, in the ſame perſuaſive tone, have any love and reſpect for me (as I once thought you had), you will oblige me in this, that you join us at table with the ſame good-humoured cheerfulneſs as before.

"Unaccuſtomed to diſpute his will, I felt happy in the opportunity of proving my great deſire to obey him in every thing but that one, on which ſo immediately depended my future happineſs; I reſpectfully bowed, and prepared to follow him.

"In the dining room, we met a neighbouring gentleman, his lady, two ſons and a daughter; they proved a happy relief to me, as they engroſſed the converſation of Miſs Ap Price, and were ſeated on each ſide of her at table. The uneaſineſs of my mind was viſible in my countenance; I eat but little, and ſpoke leſs. The lady of the houſe kindly enquired what was the matter with me; after much importunity, I owned I had been taken rather unwell while out with my gun.

" Mr. Ap Price thought he could deviſe the cauſe of my apparent uneaſineſs, and by a few ſignificant nods and winks, endeavoured to acquaint his wife with his ſagacity, and ſought the firſt opportunity of placing his daughter by me, ſaying, now, I hope, Mr. Eliſtone, you will be better; you ſhall have plenty of toaſt at tea to make amends for your poor dinner; which ſpeech he concluded with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by the greateſt part of the company. I felt very much embarraſſed all the evening, and, I believe, gave Miſs Ap Price little reaſon to think, that her company was a ſpecific for my diſorder.

" The next day my uncle purchaſed the eſtate. As ſoon as the title deeds were prepared and executed, we took our leave of the Ap Prices.

" My uncle promiſed that he would ſoon return to prepare his houſe for a ſummer's reſidence; while I ſecretly vowed never to ſee the deteſted place again, ſo long as my uncle perſiſted in his wiſh for me to pay my addreſſes to Miſs Ap Price.

" For near a fortnight after our return he treated me with his uſual kindneſs, till the receipt of a letter from Mr. Ap Price

rouſed him, and he determined to demand from me implicit obedience. On the ſame day he received it, after dinner, we were alone; he put the decanter to me: there, Edward, fill to Miſs Ap Price. I did ſo, ſaying, I had not the leaſt objection to drink the lady's health.

"Nor to marry her neither, I hope, ſaid he. I made no anſwer. Am I to conclude your ſilence gives conſent. No, Sir, returned I; I hope you do not think ſo; ſurely you will not ſtill perſiſt in urging me to marry Miſs Ap Price. Beſides, Sir, I have no reaſon to believe I ſhall be accepted by the lady; ſhe may have the ſame invincible diſlike to me that I feel towards her.

"No, no, read that letter, taking the one from his pocket he had received that morning; it will ſettle all doubts on that head.

"I took the letter; never in my life did I read ſuch a heap of nonſenſe; it was a detail of their converſations concerning us ſince we left them, in which Miſs Ap Price cut no ſmall figure.

"What, ſaid my uncle, who watched my countenance while I read it, you bluſh, do you?

"I do indeed, Sir, blush at the sentiments and forward expressions of Miss Ap Price; they are such as would make me despise the woman who uttered them, however I might be previously attached to her; my behaviour to her has ever been marked by the greatest distance, nor have my attentions to her ever exceeded the bounds of common politeness.

"Then you will not marry her, exclaimed he, in an angry tone.

"I hope, Sir, returned I, you will not insist on my taking such a step, when I declare to you that it will make me miserable for life.

"Miserable! pshaw, stuff! impossible; why? you ungrateful dog, miserable indeed! a man miserable who is in possession of fifteen hundred a year! I never heard such stuff in my life.

"I grant, Sir, that half, nay, one quarter of that sum, would make me perfectly happy with the woman of my heart; but, with Miss Ap Price, fifty times as much would not purchase me one hour's peace.

"And pray, Sir, who is the woman of your heart, said my uncle. As for my part, I think all women are the same; were they

all poor, they would be all alike deteſtable, and were they all rich they would be all alike delightful: ſo tell me, Sir, who is the woman of your heart; if ſhe is rich you may marry her to-morrow, but if poor never with my conſent; and more than that, if you marry without, you ſhall be utterly diſcarded, you ſhall never have a ſhilling of mine.

"Pardon me, Sir, I have never ſaid that my heart was engaged; and I am ſorry to find you entertain ſo unfavourable an opinion of females in general.

"Well, Ned, I ſhall give you two days to conſider of it; and, if you do not then think fit to oblige me and marry Miſs Ap Price, I ſhall think fit to ſend you out of the kingdom for a year or two, and I dare ſwear in time you will be brought to your ſenſes.

"Diſpoſe of me as you like, my dear uncle, ſaid I, ſend me wherever you pleaſe, any thing but marry me to Miſs Ap Price.

"It ſhall be a terrible journey to you, returned he.

"I will undertake it, ſaid I, with pleaſure, if it does but free me from any further importunities reſpecting Miſs Ap Price.

"Well, well, you know my will, take your choice. I bowed and withdrew.

"The two following days paſſed as uſual. On the evening of the third, after ſupper, when the clerks had retired, my uncle looking at me with a mild but ſerious countenance: Edward, ſaid he, have you ſettled the matter in debate? will you conſign yourſelf to the care of a wife, or export yourſelf to ſome other market?

"In the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, I replied: believe me, my dear uncle, it gives me the ſevereſt pain to act contrary to your wiſhes; never till now did I murmur at a command from you; I truſt you will pardon this act of diſobedience as it is the firſt. I feel this rebel heart can never even eſteem the woman you command it to love; and I hold it both in a moral and religious light, leſs unpardonable to be wanting in my duty to you than to the woman I have vowed to love and cheriſh for life; and if nothing but giving my hand to Miſs Ap Price, or performing this terrible journey will ſuffice, I chuſe the laſt—though heaven knows with what reluctance I ſhall quit your paternal roof, and turn my back upon my native land!

"Very well, Sir, you have your whim, and I have mine; ſo hold yourſelf in readineſs to depart this day week.

"To what part of the globe, aſked I.

"To India, ſaid he.

"Are there any ſhips about to ſail, Sir?

"No, returned he, you ſhall go by land, it will give you a zeſt for travelling; and two or three days journey over the deſerts will make you ſigh for Miſs Ap Price and the Glenwellin eſtate.

"I ſhall ſigh for nothing but the loſs of your affection and regard; but if it is to be preſerved only at the expence of my future peace and happineſs, I go wherever you direct, ſinking under the weight of your diſpleaſure.

"Enough, Sir, I ſee you are determined, ſo am I; make every neceſſary preparation for your journey, and take what money you want: by this day week I ſhall get the letters ready, alſo directions for your rout, and letters of credit to ſeveral houſes in the different capitals you may paſs through, in Turkey, Egypt, and Madras. I bowed aſſent; yet believe me, this laſt command ſunk my heart to the loweſt ſtate of deſpondence.

"The reſt of the evening paſſed in receiving inſtructions from my uncle, which he concluded by ſaying, if you perform this commiſſion well, you will eſtabliſh us in a very advantageous and lucrative line. Don Eſteffana, of Aleppo, was formerly my moſt intimate friend, and, during your father's life, I dealt largely with him: when your father was wrecked, he had a very valuable cargo with him from that houſe of Don Eſtaffana: he is a Malteſe by birth, and was four years in England before he was twenty years old; and at that time our friendſhip was formed—no doubt he will be happy to ſee the ſon of Captain Eliſtone, as he always ſpoke of him in the warmeſt terms—he has children, and if you bring one of his daughters with twenty or thirty thouſand pounds, why, I will ſay no more about Miſs Ap Price.

"The idea that, after travelling over burning ſands, and encountering ſo many perils and dangers, I ſhould at laſt meet with a man who had a friendſhip for my father, in ſome degree revived my drooping ſpirits; and after taking a few more glaſſes of wine than uſual, in which we toaſted Don Eſteffana and his daughters, I retired to bed, but ſleep was a ſtranger to my eyes;

you occupied my thoughts the greateſt part of the night, and after having in imagination repoſed my griefs in your boſom, I fell into a ſweet but ſhort ſleep.

" As ſoon as I aroſe, I went in ſearch of Mr. Dott, the only confidential friend I have: he was already in the compting houſe; we went together into the parlour, and I told him briefly my uncle's fixed determination. As he had been long in poſſeſſion of the ſecret of our loves, and I knew him to be a tried and faithful friend—I felt the greateſt conſolation and comfort in making the diſtreſſes of my heart known to him—in his faithful boſom they would be treaſured up, and by his counſels I was much aſſiſted.

" The certainty of my leaving England, and on ſo dangerous an expedition as to India over land, greatly afflicted him.

" In the evening he came to my room, and told me, that he thought it would be quite as expedient, and he was ſure far more agreeable for me, to take the ſhorteſt road through Germany to Naples, and from thence hire a veſſel to Alexandria.

" This ſuggeſtion filled me with rapture, and I formed my plans accordingly. I felt no longer that reluctance and indifference

about the preparations for my journey, but thought the five remaining days ten.

" On the evening before my departure I took leave of my uncle. He embraced me in the moſt affectionate manner—told me I was an obſtinate cruel boy, to put him to ſuch a trial—bid God bleſs me—then wiping away a tear that ſtood in either eye, left the room, ſaying, he did not think the parting would have given him ſo much pain.

" I followed him and begged another bleſſing and embrace—which he granted, and added: remember Edward, I am the only parent you ever knew, to me you owe all the duty and affection of a ſon.

" I have ever loved and honoured you as a father, anſwered I, and never but in one inſtance did I diſobey you---and on that ſubject I truſt you will ere long think as I do; ſurely, in a matter that ſo nearly intereſts a child's future happineſs a father's power cannot be abſolute.

" Well, my dear boy, ſaid he, it is done: go, perform this commiſſion with your uſual abilities and addreſs—return and make me happy—you have the means ;the ultimatum of my wiſhes is to ſee youa rich man.

"In the morning, my friend Dott accompanied me to Yarmouth, and the next evening saw me safe on board a packet bound to Hamburgh; from which place, I have been only twenty days in travelling to Naples: and O Celina! my beloved Celina! this is the first happy moment I have felt since we parted at Falmouth."

Celina listened, whilst many different emotions agitated her breast. Love, hope, fear, and pity, alternately triumphed, and she dreaded to speak what each passion urged: pity bade her relinquish all claim to Edward, and send him back to his uncle and Miss Ap Price; but love, hope, and fear, bid her hold him close to that heart which beat for him alone, and without him could know no peace or ease.

"Why this silence, my Celina," said Edward, "you are not glad to see me?"

"The sight of you, Edward, was ever to me the extreme of happiness; but to see you under such circumstances wounds me to the soul; that I should have taught you disobedience! that for me you are driven an alien from your country and friends, the thought is more than I am able to bear.

"Return, my Edward! return and make your uncle happy, wound not his peace, make the evening of his days cheerful; caſt not a cloud on his ſetting ſun, by oppoſing his will; leave Celina to her fate! ſhe exonerates you from all former promiſes."

"And can you,—do you, Celina, give me up with ſo much apathy? and have I travelled ſo many hundred miles, to learn that Celina loves me not! that ſhe deſpiſes —hates me! O God! O God! this is the worſt of all my ſorrows, and life is now no longer deſirable."

"Miſtake me not, Edward; you hold the ſame place in my affections you ever did; yet thoſe affections would give up their deareſt object—this heart would reſign its only treaſure, rather than the crime of diſobedience and ingratitude ſhould be alledged againſt the man of its choice."

"I have neither acted with diſobedience nor ingratitude, I have only in one inſtance ſtood in oppoſition to my uncle;—ſelf-preſervation is the firſt law of nature, and it was only to preſerve myſelf that I oppoſed my uncle."

"I wiſh in doing ſo, my Edward, you may preſerve yourſelf; my mind forebodes dreadful things."

"The mere effect, Celina, of agitated nerves; all will yet be well, and it is in your power to let me depart from hence the happieſt man in the univerſe."

"How, Edward, tell me? the utmoſt of my power ſhall be exerted to render you the leaſt ſervice."

"Give me but a legal right to call you mine before I leave Naples, I then will ſet all its ills at defiance, encounter all dangers with firmneſs, and be doubly aſſiduous in preſerving a life, which I ſhall have the moſt convincing proof is dear to you.

"If you perſiſt in denying me this indubitable certainty of the ſincerity of your love, and ſend me a wretched wanderer, groaning under the privation of every earthly good, and the only hope on which hangs all my happineſs—the confidential hope that I am ſtill dear to you.—If I am convinced that the woman for whoſe ſake I have abandoned my friends and native country, no longer eſteems or regards me, what have I left to make life deſirable, or ſupport my haraſſed mind under the dreadful weight of its ſufferings? Drive me not then to deſpair, Celina, but bleſs me with a ray of cheering hope."

The pathos and energy with which he ſpoke this laſt ſentence, nearly melted Celina to a promiſe of her hand; but cold prudence faintly returned to her aid, and ſhe begged him to allow her a few days to determine.

"Then you ſtill give me hopes," ſaid he, claſping her in his arms, "do not damp them again."

Celina reminded him it was time to part, and promiſed to meet him at an early hour, in the morning, at the Villa Reale.

From the agitation of her mind it was long before ſhe fell aſleep, which was ſhort and broken. She roſe early to take her accuſtomed walk, but with more than her accuſtomed anxiety; in the Villa Reale ſhe ſaw Edward, near the beautiful piece of ſculpture Toro Ferneſe; his attention was arreſted by the exquiſite workmanſhip, and his feelings intereſted by the lively expreſſion of fear and ſupplication in the countenance and attitude of the woman, while pity and love triumphing over reſentment and jealouſy, were finely pourtrayed in the ſoftening look of the younger brother; and the ſavage ferocity of the bull, and the malignant black revenge pictured in every feature of the elder brother, filled

him with horror. In contemplating the beauties and horror of this intereſting groupe, Celina ſurpriſed him.

He felt no longer that anxiety excited by the living ſtatues; his whole thoughts inſtantly reverted to his own diſtreſſes.

"This early attention to your promiſe is, my dear Celina, very kind, and I hope is a happy preſage to my wiſhes."

"You cannot hope that on a matter of ſuch moment I can decide ſo ſoon; you muſt allow me ſome days, nay weeks, to form my reſolution."

"That, my Celina, is unreaſonable; indeed, I fear I cannot prolong my ſtay to weeks; and to leave you the inſtant you have made me happy, will be impoſſible. Determine my fate quickly—my preſent ſuſpenſe is inſupportable."

"I cannot—Urge me no more, dear Edward, on this ſubject, I beſeech you; the moment I can bring my mind to a deciſive determination I will inform you."

"Afford me, Celina, even but the ſhadow of hope that you will decide in my favour, and if poſſible, I will be ſilent on the ſubject, till you in kindneſs ſhall think proper wholly to relieve me from this cruel ſtate of ſuſpenſe."

Celina ſmiled; they had nearly reached the top of the Grotto Poſilipo, when ſhe deſired him to take a view of the delightful bay—the ſcene was enchanting.

She then led him to the tomb of Virgil, and as he was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of his writings, he viewed the depoſitary of his ſacred remains with reverential awe: after examing minutely the inſide of the mauſoleum, he climbed the top, which was overgrown with a variety of wild flowers. Near the centre grew a beautiful little laurel, whoſe branches, to a fanciful eye, encircled the aſhes of the immortal writer, and in deſiance of the rude hand of the ſtranger (who plucked its young boughs regardleſs of its ſacred truſt) grew and flouriſhed; an emblem of the never dying fame of the ancient bard.

"This is a moſt gratifying ſight Celina; here could I ſit and re-peruſe the works of Virgil with inexpreſſible delight, and point with extacy to the inanimate duſt of the moſt animated writer, thoſe paſſages I moſt admired, and pay adoration to this lovely laurel for the ſacred charge it has choſen."

"When you play the truant, I ſhall know where to find you; and as you will

have many hours in the day unemployed, many in which I cannot poſſibly be with you, I hope you will find much amuſement in this, and many other places that you muſt viſit."

" I ſhall viſit none with pleaſure, unleſs my Celina accompanies me."

" I ſhall give you as much of my time as in my power; it is now Mrs. Conway's breakfaſt hour, we muſt part."

Edward conducted her to the end of the Villa Reale, where they ſeparated; and Celina promiſed to ſee him in the evening, either at the the Crochelle, or near the Toro Ferneſe, which ſhe would let him know.

On her return ſhe found Mrs. Conway ſtill in bed, where ſhe took her coffee, and found herſelf unable to go out, as Celina had appointed, with Mr. Clarke; therefore, after breakfaſt he took his leave, and Celina paſſed the day in her friend's bed-room.

As Edward was going up the ſtairs leading to his apartment, he met a gentleman, whoſe face he thought he knew. The ſtranger was ſtruck with the ſame idea, and ſtopt; they ſoon recogniſed each other, and felt equal pleaſure at the meeting. Mr.

Bentham returned with Edward to his apartments, and they took breakfaſt together, and ſpent much time in recounting paſt pleaſures.

At ſchool their acquaintance firſt commenced; and during the ſix years they remained there, they were ſworn friends, and partners in every thing—in all the little combats either were engaged in, the other was his ſecond; in ſhort, their friendſhip was ſuch that they ſoon were known by no other name throughout the ſchool than Caſtor and Pollux.

Mr. Bentham propoſed to dine together, to which Edward agreed, but begged it might be at his apartments.

Mr. Bentham aſked him to walk, ſaying, he had ſome buſineſs with the Engliſh Conſul, to whom he would introduce him

"I ſuppoſe," added he, "you are come here on commercial buſineſs, and as he is at the head of all ſuch concerns, it is right you ſhould pay your reſpects to him as early as poſſible.

"When did you arrive?"

"Laſt night; but I have no buſineſs to tranſact in this city. I came merely to ſee it," ſighed Edward, "here lays my buſi-

neſs, ſhewing him the ſuperſcription of a letter addreſſed to Segran Eſteffana, at Aleppo."

"What, my friend! are you going to take ſuch a d—d journey!—for what purpoſe? Why did not your uncle ſend ſome other perſon?—*I would not go for all the uncles in the world.*"

"O, the journey is nothing! Come let us go; I wiſh to be acquainted with the Conſul, as he may be of great uſe to me, in adviſing me how to proceed from hence."

Mr. Bentham preſented Edward to the Conſul, who received him with great politeneſs, and begged them to dine with him the next day.

After walking over a great part of the city, they returned to dinner. While they were taking their wine, Mr. Bentham propoſed to ſpend the evening at the theatre. Edward was unwilling to conſent, yet knew not what excuſe to make, having juſt before confeſſed he had no buſineſs, but came only to ſee the city; while he was in this dilemma, a ſervant entered with a note from Celina; as he delivered it, he ſaid, La reſpondate a Signora. No, ſaid Edward—the ſervant withdrew.

Mr. Bentham's eyes were fixed on his face, which glowed with an animated bluſh.

" I give you joy, my friend, not twenty-four hours in Naples, and receiving billet doux from la Signoras. I have been more than a month, and this not my firſt viſit, yet I have had not one affaire *de amore* on my hands. Let me adviſe you to be careful. It is dangerous to make viſits to moſt of the kind ladies here."

Edward was extremely hurt at the natural, though wrong concluſion his friend had drawn from the note, and the queſtion of the ſervant.

He continued ſilent and embarraſſed, debating in his mind whether it would be more prudent to let it paſs as his friend believed, or develope the truth; the latter would be either acquiring aſſiſtance which he much wanted, and which he thought he might find in Bentham, or riſquing the expoſure of his ſecret conduct: but the former would throw a ſtigma on the character of Celina, and that idea wounded the purity of his intentions.

His friend began to rally him on his awkward ſilence, and the high tint of his cheek.

"I see, my friend, you are but a novice in the art of gallantry, but believe me, la Signora will soon instruct you; be sure you only undertake to be *Cavalier de Amore*, for, by G—d, if you once commence la *Cavalier de Danare*, they will soon ruin you. But such is the violent attachment the ladies of this country conceive for a fine English fellow, that if he be mean enough to sell his services, he may pick up a pretty living among the rich wives of this city."

"Bentham, you have run me at a most unmerciful length. Can you for one moment be serious?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, for half an hour. Now what grave tale have you got to tell me about this Donna Liberi? She is young no doubt, and rich, at least her husband is, and that is the same thing.

"Well, but it is time to attend the assignation; you will give but a poor proof of your Tenerezza if you are one moment behind your appointed time."

"If you knew how grossly you mistake the character of the woman this note came from, you would blush at the liberties you take—her virtues and worth deserve more respect."

"Upon my soul, you have the quickest penetration, and the clearest discernment of any man I ever knew. You can have seen her but once, and you pretend to have discovered her virtues. I never, after a minute enquiry for months, could discover a single virtue in any of them."

"Bentham, you are a trifler—a character I never thought you would assume."

"And, upon my soul, it is assumed, if you discover any thing of the kind about me."

"I do; and fear you are not worthy of the confidence I was about to repose in you; however, in justice to the writer of this note, I must inform you, that she is an English lady, and one for whom I feel the highest esteem and regard."

"By all that's bright, I beg the lady ten thousand pardons; and believe me, upon my life Ellisto n, I did not mean to offend.

"As to the sincerity of my friendship, you have had proofs of in our boyish days; and believe me, I am no changling; nor would I have had my joke at the expence of your feelings, had I supposed it was a matter where in your feelings were arrested.

"In giving me a proof that you are ſtill of the ſame forgiving amiable diſpoſition as formerly, you will alſo give me an opportunity of clearing myſelf of all injurious ſuſpicions my volatile tongue may have led you to form; and till you admit me to your confidence I ſhall feel myſelf unworthy. If your ſituation be ſuch as I can render you my ſervices, either by advice, or more active offices,—command me. Give me your hand, let us ſtill be Caſtor and Pollux."

Edward accepted the conceſſions of his friend, and immediately related his attachment to Celina—her preciſe ſituation—and his uncle's determination to marry him to ſome rich woman—declared, that he took the journey to Naples with the view of prevailing on Celina to marry him previous to his going to Aleppo, and from thence over the vaſt track of land to fort St. George.

Mr. Bentham heard him with great concern. The intereſting diſtreſſes of his friend threw a damp on his ſpirits, and a gloom on his countenance for the evening.

The time Celina had appointed to meet Edward arrived, and he haſtened to the Toro Ferneſe.

Bentham declared he would ſit at home and ſtudy how to ſerve him.

On Edward's return, he found him in a very contemplative mood.

"Elliſtone, has ſhe conſented?"

"Would to God, Bentham, I could ſay ſhe had!"

"I do not like this journey to Aleppo, and the devil knows where—or with whom. Cannot you remain here with œconomy! a few pounds will ſerve for a month or two; in that time write to your uncle, tell him that you do not like to undertake the journey; if he will not permit you to return, ſome employment may be found—ſome houſe or other will want aſſiſtance in London, where we will go together, and I will be bound to provide for you.

"Miſs Morley, you ſay, is not ambitious—at the feaſt where love preſides, little will ſuffice, and that little I will guarantee to you."

"I have powerful friends, do me the favour of giving me an opportunity to prove them.

"Your offers are kind, and your ſolicitude for my happineſs ſtill kinder; but only in one inſtance can I prevail on myſelf to run counter to my uncle's wiſhes, and that ſo nearly concerns my future happineſs, that I think the world will acquit me of the

crime of diſobedience and ingratitude; but in no other point could I acquit myſelf.

"No, my friend, I will go the journey; no doubt it will be to my advantage in the end. I have ſo reconciled my mind to the taſk, that if I depart the happy huſband, inſtead of the deſpairing lover, I ſhall realize my preſent wiſhes."

"If you are ſo determined, there is nothing left for me but to wiſh you ſucceſs, which I moſt ſincerely do."

"Yes, there is yet more; Can you inform me in what manner we can be married, ſhould Celina conſent to my ardent entreaties?"

"That may be eaſily accompliſhed, for ſhould there be no Engliſh clergyman here, the Conſul is empowered to marry all proteſtants. I will undertake to ſpeak to him on the ſubject when you think fit."

In the courſe of the evening Mr. Bentham expreſſed a deſire to be introduced to Miſs Morley, which Edward promiſed to do the firſt opportunity.

The next morning he met Celina at the tomb of Virgil; her countenance bore ſtrong marks of the diſtreſs of her mind. Mrs. Conway had been extremely ill all the night, which much alarmed her.

Edward trembled for his couſin's health, and much he wiſhed to ſee her, but dared not.—He kept his promiſe, in not renewing the ſubject neareſt his heart.—He related to her the ſubſtance of his converſation with Mr. Bentham the preceding evening; alſo that gentleman's wiſh to be introduced to her.

"Celina ſaid, ſhe would have that honour the firſt opportunity; and if his couſin did not grow worſe, ſhe would, the next day, take a ride for a few hours, as Mrs. Conway was always unhappy at her ſtaying at home all day, but ſhe would let him know early in the morning; at the uſual time they parted; when Celina told him not to riſe too early from table, but take his wine quietly with the Conſul, for he had a converſation in the evening to which ſhe was engaged, and certainly ſhould be there if Mrs. Conway was no worſe.

Celina went to the Conſul's, in company with ſome ladies who lodged in the ſame aubergo.—On entering the drawing-room, they were received by the Conſul's daughters.

The gentlemen, Engliſh like, had not yet left the dining-room;—in a ſhort time

the noiſe of much company coming in, rouſed them.

Celina, whoſe eyes were continually turned towards the door, felt the moſt violent palpitation at her heart; and a deep colour ſuffuſed her cheek, when ſhe ſaw Edward, and his friend, enter.

She dreaded the ſcrutinizing eye of Mr. Bentham, whom ſhe feared would view her as the bane of Edward's happineſs—as the baſiliſk on which he had looked to certain death, or what was worſe—to ruin.

The ſweet timidity theſe thoughts caſt on her countenance, naturally ſoft and impreſſive, rendered her a moſt intereſting object—Bentham viewed her with admiration.

Edward introduced his friend to Celina, who immediately took his ſeat by her, and was truly charmed both with her converſation and manners.

She had cautioned Edward not to ſpea to her too frequently, leaſt the ladies, with whom ſhe came, ſhould obſerve it.

In the courſe of the evening, ſhe promiſed to be at the Chiaja by eight o'clock the next morning, where Edward and Bentham met her, and they drove to Cuma, Bayia, and to ſeveral other places, to view the natural curioſities.

During their excurſion, Edward prevailed on her to promiſe, that ſhe would the next day ſit for her minature, and he alſo would have his done by the ſame painter, who engaged to complete them both in twelve days.

Celina and Edward never failed to ſee each other once or twice a day; and while Mrs. Conway was confined to her apartments, Celina made ſeveral little excurſions with him, and his friend; but, as Mrs Conway a little recovered, her time was more engaged in riding with her in the forenoons; and at night, reading and converſing with her till the hour of reſt, which was generally pretty early.

One evening, at parting, Edward told Celina, that he ſhould not ſee her the next day, as he was going to Salerno, and ſhould viſit Pompea in his way.

He alſo informed her, that he had agreed with a captain to take him to Alexandria—the time of departure would be fixed the next day—that he thought Sunday night would be the time.

"This is Thurſday, my Celina, and you have not determined my fate—for near three weeks have I forborne to ſpeak on

that moſt intereſting of all ſubjects, agreeable to your command, hoping you would every day pronounce my ſentence—To-morrow you muſt decide—condemn me not, my love, to deſpair!—Send me not hopeleſs into baniſhment—I am not an acquaintance of yeſterday—You have long known my virtues and vices; my merits and faults—Surely the deciſion might ere this have been made—Now, muſt I only taſte of happineſs for a moment, and then fly from it"

Celina heard of Edward's departure with the deepeſt concern; ſhe had lulled herſelf with the hope, that he would have prolonged his ſtay for ſome time.

The intervening hours from Thurſday to Saturday paſſed in the moſt uncomfortable ſtate of indeterminate doubt; earneſtly, but vainly did ſhe wiſh for the preſence of her dear Mary.—The conſolation of her friendly advice was denied her.

We do not, ſighed Celina to herſelf, know the full value of a ſincere friend, or any earthly bleſſing, till deprived of it.

"O Mary! your prudent admonitions would warn me of the danger I am about to fall into. You would help me to form reſolutions, and ſtrengthen them when formed—It is in vain that I ſtrive againſt ſuch

powerful adverſaries—My own heart oppoſes itſelf againſt my better ſenſe!—and all I fear will fall!"

After a variety of painful conflicts, ſhe came to the reſolution of refuſing her hand; ſhe deſpiſed the duplicity with which ſhe muſt act towards Mrs. Conway, if ſhe became the wife of Edward; and ſhe feared the ruin it might bring on him, ſhould it be known to his uncle.

Firm in this reſolution, ſhe met Edward on the morning appointed—He was already on the ſpot.

"It is an age, my Celina, ſince we met, and a few hours ago, I thought never to have ſeen you more."

"You alarm me, Edward, what has been the matter? What accident has happened?"

"On returning laſt night from Salerno, where we had imprudently ſtaid too late, as we paſſed the borders of the wood, near Cava, part of a banditti attacked us; they ſtopped the carriage, and were about to drag us out, when the driver informed them we were foreigners.

"The one who had his ſtiletto raiſed to give the blow, aſked, if we were about to

leave Naples. The driver anſwered, yes; I told them to take what we had, but not to murder us; they then, without ſaying a word, proceeded to rifle our pockets.

" The robber who was engaged with me let ſomething fall, I ſoon perceived it to be my picture, which Gerando had ſent home the night before; your's I immediately tied round my neck, which eſcaped the villain's notice.

" I begged them to return it, but in vain; urging, that it could be of no value to them.

" They told me, it was not their cuſtom to return any thing; that we ought to be thankful for our lives; if we ſpoke of the robbery, or cauſed any perſuit, it would be worſe for thoſe they might ſtop in future; they immediately returned to the wood, and we proceeded to Naples with the loſs of our caſh; but the loſs of the minature has given me more trouble than twice the ſum they took from me could have done.

" I have been to Gerando, but he is gone to Caſerto, and will not return for two or three days. I then applied to another, but he has not time to attend me for the firſt fitting till Monday, and by that

time I ſhall be ſome leagues on my journey."

"I am ſincerely thankful that they ſpared your life—I trembled at the recollection of the dangers you have eſcaped; yet the loſs of the minature gives me great concern."

"I am very unhappy that it is notin my power to ſit for another."

"I hope, Edward, you do not go ſo ſoon as Sunday night!"

"I do indeed; it is certainly fixed, and let me now aſk, Am I to depart the happy huſband of my Celina, or the miſerable, hopeleſs, baniſhed lover?"

Celina's heart ſunk at the idea of Edward's leaving her—her ſtrength failed her, and in the greateſt agitation ſhe ſcarcely articulated:

"Edward! prudence and candour forbid this ſecret marriage that you urge—Go—I ſolemnly vow to hold myſelf free from all engagements, and will yield my hand to you, whenever you ſhall demand it, with the conſent of your uncle; or, when you are ſo far independent, that it is no longer a duty incumbent on you to aſk it."

"And is this your fixed reſolution, my adorable Celina!"

" It is—it is—it muſt indeed be ſo, my Edward !"

" Heaven and earth !—What do I hear ! —I deſpiſe the lukewarm paſſion that yields ſo eaſily to the icy dictates of prudence.—Farewell Celina ! and may your boſom, that repoſitory of frigid ſentiment, never feel the burning pangs of ardent, hopeleſs love ! —You have refined in your cruelty !—tortured me for more than three weeks on the rock of ſuſpence !—and now you have given the coup de main !———Adieu !—Adieu, cruel Celina !—

" If kind reaſon preſides for the few days I have yet to linger, I will, in my laſt moments, aſk bleſſings on you.—May you hereafter reflect on me, and my ſufferings, with the ſame apathy you now behold me depart, in all the wild delirium of deſpair !"———

He then put his hand to his head—ſighed piteouſly, and left her with precipitance.

His ſighs—his countenance, in which various paſſions were depicted, ſtruck her with horror !—She ſunk motionleſs on the earth, but as ſhe fell, ſhe uttered a piercing cry, which arreſted Edward's ſteps.—He looked back, ſaw her on the ground.—

Love nd pity led him to her—Nor could he bear to leave the idol of his ſoul, without a more tender adieu!—he raiſed her in his arms—She looked up—ſighed—

"O, my Edward! do not thus leave me."

"Would to heaven I could ſtay with you for ever! yet, my dear Celina, ſince that cannot be, why do you cruelly refuſe to make that ſeparation as happy as is in your power. My couſin can have no controul over your actions; nor will you commit the breach of any duty by conſenting to our union.—To her you owe none, but that of friendſhip, and of ſo young a growth, it does not authoriſe you to repoſe every ſecret of your heart in her boſom."

"I do not conſider myſelf bound in duty to look to Mrs. Conway for the direction of my conduct; yet we are, in my opinion, anſwerable, in ſome degree, for our actions to all with whom we are connected, or related—and an act of duplicity I deſpiſe—Teach me not, my friend, to tread diſſimulation's winding way.

"Remember the natural, though ideal ſufferings of Lady Randolph, if I, like her, ſhould mourn in *ſecret* a huſband ſlain!—think of the *endleſs miſery* I ſhould endure.

"I dread indeed—I dread this journey. Bentham, your friend too, ſpeaks of it with diſmay.—Could I prevail on you to relinquiſh that, I know not what I might not conſent to.

"Yet what do I ſay; no, my Edward, I would not have you doubly diſpleaſe your uncle."

"O Celina! do not thus diſtract me by anticipating evils that may never come—Let us think and hope for the beſt."

"I do—I will—There are ſome conſolations left me; when friends are ſeparated, what delicious reflections does the mind enjoy, when reviſiting the cool luxurious valley, or climbing the craggy mountain;—recent ſcenes of virtuous friendſhip—ſcenes rendered ſacred by the ſoft intercourſe of ſympathetic ſouls. Each tree, each ſhrub reminds us of the object of our fondeſt wiſhes—they recal the mind with delectable pleaſure to paſt joys, and lead it on, with hope, to future endearments. It is then we feel the chain that unites our ſouls!"

"No, my Edward, while I have before my eyes objects you have looked on with delight, I can never be wholly miſerable.

"The beautiful Bay of Naples, the Villa Reale, and the Grotto Pezilipo, all, all my dear Edward, will be objects of delight to me; for, when hanging on your arm, you pointed out their beauties, and taught me to admire them.

"Conſtantly ſhall I viſit this favourite tomb—here will I ſit and recount the tender vows we each have made, and paſs whole hours in praying for your ſafety.

"This lovely little laurel, ſo much admired by you, will I attend with a foſtering hand; and as I preſs beneath my feet the aromatic herbs, I ſhall feel pleaſure in thinking your's have preſſed thoſe very herbs before."

"Yes, my Celina, theſe may be all ſome conſolation to you, but not *one* of them can be *mine*.—Am I not doomed to travel through barbarous and unknown lands (unknown at leaſt to me), over the burning ſands of Arabia—to brave the wild Arabs—to encounter difficulties unthought of.—In vain ſhall I look round for trees or herbs, ruins or temples, or any ſpot rendered ſacred from having been viewed and admired by you.

"Few are the lenitives my ſituation will admit of, and the only one in your power

you cruelly deny!—O Celina! give me the right of calling you mine!—Grant me the greateſt of bleſſings, that of ſaying, when I look at this dear copy, that *the dear original is my own—irrevocably my own.*"

He took Celina's minature from his boſom and preſſed it to his lips, then replaced it near his heart.

"Oh!" ſighed Celina, "may thoſe wretches know no peace that tore from you that little picture which I fondly hoped would have been my companion in your abſence."

"Were it poſſible, my dear Celina, I would defer my departure for a few days, on purpoſe to have another likeneſs taken; but that cannot be—the ſhip is engaged, and to-morrow evening, I am to be torn from all that makes life dear to me—from—my—Ce—lina!"

Here he ceaſed; confluxing paſſions arreſted the words on his tongue.

"No, my Edward! I would not that you ſhould prolong your ſtay on that account; your image is too deeply engraven on my heart, to render your picture neceſſary to remind me of *love* and *you.*---I can think of nothing elſe---my mind's eye can ſee no other object."

"I am well assured of the strength and delicacy of your attachment; I know you to be superior to most of your sex—that you possess great strength of mind—that you are *firm* in your resolves, all this do I well know. I am convinced how religiously you will respect your vows, yet Celina I cannot help wishing you would *repeat* them in the presence of one who is empowered to join our hands; I shall then depart from Naples one of the happiest of mankind."

"Have you well weighed what you ask of me? think what would be the consequence *if* it should be known? *I* have little to fear, my *dear* and *only* parent would not withhold his blessing from us; but should your *obdurate* uncle ever hear that you have bestowed your hand without his consent, and on a person whom he deems unworthy, it would ruin you for ever. And I, my dear Edward, exist under the knowledge of having drawn on you the displeasure of your uncle, and reduced you to a state of indigence? No——impossible!"

"Nay, Celina, talk not so. In the journey I am now about to take, I shall enlarge my acquaintance, and shall establish a correspondence, independent of my uncle, which will afford me the means of supporting my dear Celina in the manner she deserves, then will it be my *pride* to shew to my friends, and the world, the *inestimable woman* I am in possession of."

When Celina asked herself the question, Should she part with him as her lover, or her husband? Prudence said, lover—represented to her, how much her conduct would be condemned by her friends, particularly by Mrs. Conway, under whose care she was, should it come to her knowledge that she was Edward's wife.—But *heart*, said *husband*, and too effectually it pleaded his cause!

She held out her hand—he took it tenderly, and pressed it to his heart, while she faintly sighed,

"Edward, I am *your's!*

"I find I must yield to your *too* powerful arguments. You have an advocate in my breast that irresistibly pleads your cause. But O, my Edward, are you cer-

tain that security may not *weaken* your *love?* Will not cool indifference succeed passion?"

Here Edward, by his looks, spoke unutterable grief and dismay at this unexpected suspicion she discovered.

She read in his expressive countenance what passed in his mind, and it spoke more forcibly to her heart than the most laboured speech, or the most ardent vows of constancy.

"Pardon me, Edward," said she, tenderly taking his hand, "Pardon my (I *hope*) unjust suspicions. I do indeed believe the vows you have made, and that you religiously mean to keep them: but no man is infallible; may not time and change of place make an alteration in your sentiments and opinions.

"May I not fear the fair daughters of the East? Will my Edward at no future time feel his Celina a clog—an impediment to his brighter prospects?"

"Should that ever be the case, bitter indeed will be the reflection to me.—Well I know the endearing name of husband will enhance my love; while, perhaps, that of

wife may act as a repellant to your affection."

"Believe me, Celina, your fears are ungrounded; have we not been frequently ſeparated for months without even the comfort of correſpondence—have we not both felt and declared, that abſence had ſtrengthened our loves; ſurely, my amiable girl cannot have fallen into the common error, that for the attainment of which haſt coſt months, nay years of anxiety and care; yet when once attained, we no longer prize.

"My angelic Celina! who is probity and ſtability itſelf, cannot ſuppoſe the man ſhe has honoured with her eſteem and affection can be ſo rapacious a wretch."

Celina felt this gentle reflection—her heart ſtill told her he was worthy of her utmoſt confidence.

The delightful moments fled too ſwiftly, and the elevation of the ſun warned them to part ere they had well ſettled their plan for a ſecret union.

Bentham had previouſly hinted to his friend, the Conſul, the real cauſe of Eliſton's leaving England, and undertaking

this hazardous journey; he found him ready to assist them.

This Edward told Celina, and it was agreed she should go to the Festino the next evening.

CHAP. II.

The trackleſs wave no traces bore;
The Bark far out of ſight,
Sweet Bride! thy heart ſad ſighs have tore;
Thy woes are dark as night!

CELINA returned ſlow, and meditating on what ſhe was about to do; Mrs. Conway was up, and waiting breakfaſt, to whom ſhe apologiſed for her long abſence.

Edward ſtepped away to a more lively tune. He flew to Bentham's apartment—"She is mine!—Bentham, ſhe is mine!—My friend, give me joy!—She has conſented!"

"Well, Well; I do give you joy, but do not go out of your ſenſes before you are married—*afterwards*, it is no uncommon thing."

"Pſhaw! I never knew ſo ſtrange a fellow—when I am depreſſed and low ſpirited, you are ready to jump over the moon; now I have cauſe to rejoice, you draw out a long face, and look as diſmal as an undertaker."

"So it ſhould be—ſo it ſhould be, or elſe we ſhould go mad together. Well now, but how, or when are you to be married; let me know that I may proceed accordingly. But firſt of all to breakfaſt, for I aſſure you, I have been both *faſting* and praying for you theſe two hours."

During breakfaſt Edward related how far they had agreed reſpecting their union; Bentham then went finally to ſettle with the Conſul.

On his return, he called on Mrs. Willoughby and her nieces, in whoſe apartment he met Mrs. Conway and Celina; to the former Mrs. Willoughby introduced him, and he converſed with her for ſome time; when he was taking leave, Mrs. Conway requeſted his company to tea, to meet Mrs. Willoughby and her Nieces; which invitation he accepted—it was juſt what he wiſhed.

Edward was happy to hear that his friend was to be received as a viſitor at his couſin's, as he hoped, after his departure, he would be the guardian and attendant of Celina; and he being privy to their attachment, it would be a conſolation to her to converſe with him of her abſent huſband.

With joy he ſaw Bentham depart to obey Mrs. Conway's invitation, and with impatience waited his return.

In the courſe of the evening, the next day being the ſecond Sunday in the Carnival, Mr. Bentham propoſed making a party to the Feſtino, to which Mrs. Willoughby agreed, ſaying, ſhe and her nieces would be happy to be accompanied by him, as they had never been to San Carloson ſuch an occaſion.

She then requeſted Miſs Morley to be of the party; Mrs. Conway replied, ſhe had not the leaſt objection, if Celina wiſhed it; who anſwered, ſhe had no particular deſire, as ſhe found Mrs. Conway would find the evening long and irkſome alone.

This objection Mrs. Willoughby removed by obſerving, they ſhould not go till near the hour of Mrs. Conway's retiring to reſt. It was concluded that Mr. Bentham ſhould

be with them by ſeven o'clock the next evening, to conduct them to the maſquerade.

Celina, though ſhe affected an indifference about going, felt an indeſcribable anxiety till it was ſettled.

"Miſs Morley," ſaid Miſs Derwent, "what character ſhall you appear in?"

"None, Madam, I have not abilities to ſupport any character; a black domino, a cocked hat, and plume of white feathers, are what I ſhall endeavour to procure, with a black maſk."

"Lord! my dear, nobody will take notice of you: I will give you ſome character, and make myſelf the ſubject of every toilette for many mornings."

"I am ſure," returned Celina, "I ſhould be the ſubject of ridicule for weeks if I attempted any character."

"Nonſenſe! how you talk, my dear, Why, now a gypſy, a ballad ſinger, or a fortune-teller, or any ſuch like, would be monſtrous charming."

"O ſiſter!" cried Miſs Amaranthe, "then I have a delectable thought in my head!—O, it is delightful!—it is charming!"

"What?----why?----Do tell us," returned Miſs Derwent and Miſs Meliſſa.

"Why, then, we three will go in the character of the three Fates. I will be Lacheſis, and hold the ſpindle; you muſt be Clotho, and ſpin the thread; and Miſs Meliſſa ſhall be Atropus, and be armed with a monſtrous pair of ſciſſars."

"My blue muſlin will make a delightful dreſs for the occaſion; I have ſome gold foil, and I will go and cut out a quantity of ſtars to ſtick on it."

"O dear! it will be delightful," ſaid Miſs Derwent, "But what muſt I wear?"

"You----why you muſt have a white dreſs, and a long piece of blue muſlin pinned on your head, to fall down behind; and you Miſs Atropus, muſt be clothed in black and white."

,, But, my dear, there will not be time to get all ready; conſider to-morrow is Sunday."

"O! indeed aunt, there will be plenty of time," exclaimed all, "we will go and ſet Mingon to work immediately."

"But ſtop, my dears, you have not conſidered what character I ſhall appear in."

" O, dear! I don't know," ſaid Miſs Derwent, " Siſters, what character ſhall my unt take ?"

" Why---why, I think Death would do very well to attend the Fates."

" Death! child----Death!----me go as Death! No, never. Death is a male, and you never can make a male of me."

" O, aunt! but you know there is a goddeſs of Death; ſhe is called Mors."

" O, well, if it is a goddeſs, it will do. But muſt I carry a ſcythe ?"

" No; if you have a ſcymeter it will do. Your dreſs muſt be black and white ſtriped, and your mask a death's face."

" Very well, as you like."

Away flew the ladies to prepare for the maſquerade.

What a charming idea Mr. Bentham, of my niece Amaranthe---Was it not the Fates! Who but ſhe could have thought of ſuch a thing---ſo elegant, and learned too; it will ſhew the world ſhe has read a good deal. I dare ſay there will not be any thing like them there."

" And ſo Miſs Morley you will go in one of them diſmal, horrid things, a black

Domino. Why, nobody will know whether you are there or not. You have no ſpirit like my girls."

" If I had abilities equal to the Miſs Derwents, I might attempt to make myſelf conſpicuous ; but knowing the limited extent of my powers, I am content to be an humble obſerver, rather than be obſerved."

" Bleſs me, that is ſo tame ! I like a girl of ſpirit. Dont you Mr. Bentham ?"

" Why, yes, Madam, I confeſs I admire a woman who poſſeſſes a *proper* ſpirit."

" There now, Miſs Morley, you ſee Mr. Bentham gives the preference to the Miſs Derwents.

" Come, do not think of wrapping yourſelf up in a black cloak, like a parſon in his canonicals. Let the world ſee you have ſome taſte as well as my nieces."

" Excuſe me, Madam, there is no dreſs I ſhall like to appear in ſo well as a Domino ; and I am willing to yield the palm to the Miſs Derwents."

" I approve, ſaid Mrs. Conway, of Miſs Morley's wiſh not to make herſelf known ; beſides, the Miſs Derwents will find no competitor in her."

"Well," faid Mrs. Willoughby "if you like it---I do. But, however, I muft go and fee what my girls are about.

"I wifh you good-night ladies.

"Mr. Bentham, good-night. Be fure you are here in time."

"A good crumby repreſentation of death," faid Mr. Bentham, as ſhe left the room.

"Yes." returned Celina, "I ſhall be in charming company to-morrow night—the Fates and Mors. I adviſe you, Mr. Bentham, to take the character of Nox, and then the greateſt part of the family will be aſſembled."

"Why, I think a Domino will ſuit beſt; I ſhall call at Venarza's to chuſe it; ſhall I ſend you one, and a hat?".

"You will oblige me by doing ſo."

Mrs. Conway ſent for page to attend her to her room, and Mr. Bentham took his leave.

Mrs. Willoughby, her nieces, and maid, ſat up the greateſt part of the night preparing for the feſtino.

Early the next evening, Celina having no additional preparation to make, and her mind agitated and oppreſſed with gloomy

preſages, ſhe went to Mrs. Willoughby's dreſſing-room, with a view to diſſipate, if poſſible, her ſad thoughts.

On entering the room, ſhe was ſtruck with the appearance of Mrs. Willoughby, who came towards her ; ſhe was already attired ; her hair was incloſed in a white net ; her dreſs was a white dimity dreſſing grown drawn cloſe round the neck, and broad black ſtripes drawn down it with a blacking bruſh, which they had procured from the waiter. She had diveſted herſelf of all her petticoats, to make herſelf look ſlim ; in her belt ſhe wore a ſcymiter, and her maſk was a perfect Death's face.

Miſs Derwent's carried a diſtaff and ſome flax ; Amaranthe held the ſpindle, and wound up the thread as her ſiſter ſpun ; while Miſs Meliſſa was armed with a large pair of ruſty ſciſſars.

Thus equipped, they all aſſembled in Mrs. Conway's room to tea, who was much diverted hy the ridiculous figure of Mrs. Willoughby.

Mr. Bentham arrived at the appointed time ; as he aſſiſted Celina to put on her Domino, he whiſpered, Edward is all impatience.

"Where is he?" enquired Celina.

"At the Conſul's—we both dined there; he is in tip toe ſpirits."

Celina ſighed, trembled, and ſhed a tear, which Mr. Bentham obſerving, hurried on her maſk, and led her to the carriage. As ſoon as they entered the theatre, the ſtrange appearance of Mrs. Willoughby, and her nieces, attracted much notice.

And as the Italian nobility are not, in general, famous for their literary reſearches, few among the croud knew what deities they perſonated.

After traverſing the theatre a few times, Prince Zanqui made his appearance, and was looking with wonder on the fatal group; as he wore his maſk on his arm, Mrs. Willoughby knew him, and having been twice invited to his converſazione, ſhe was entitled to ſpeak to him.

He very politely invited her to ſup with him, in his box, which Celina hearing, and not wiſhing to be of the party, ſtepped back a pace or two, under pretence of looking at a group of dancers.

Mrs. Willoughby was too much elated with the honour done her to think of Celina; but accepting the Prince's arm,

tripped away with the Fates at her heels.

As this separation accorded with the wishes of Celina, she did not attempt to arrest the Goddess.

Mr. Bentham observing with pleasure Mrs. Willoughby's inattention to Celina, took her hand and led her immediately out of the theatre. As nothing is so common, during the Carnival, as masks parading the streets of Naples, they passed unnoticed to the house of the Consul, where she entered, unknown to the servants, as she still wore her mask.

Bentham left her in the little parlour, set apart for sacred purposes, and went to the dining-room, where he found Edward and the Consul in deep conversation; the result of which was, that the Consul felt himself more than ever inclined to serve him. Edward immediately flew to Celina.

The Consul and Bentham soon after followed, attended by the Consul's Secretary, who officiated as clerk; and in a few minutes the indissoluble knot was tied.

During the ceremony Celina behaved with great firmness, but when the Consul saluted her, and expressed his wishes for

their happineſs, her tears could not be reſtrained.

Bentham attended them to Edward's apartments, where ſupper was ordered; he then went to San Carlos to watch the movements of the Fates, with a promiſe to return and partake of it.

He took the precaution of changing his Domino at Signora Vacenza's, as he paſſed, for a coloured one, leaſt Mrs. Willoughby ſhould recogniſe him, and enquire for Celina, to which enquiry he could not give a very ſatisfactory anſwer.

Soon after he entered, he perceived Mors and the Fates joining in a dance with the Prince and Princeſs Zanqui, and others of the nobleſſe.

As ſoon as the dance was concluded, he placed himſelf cloſe behind the Goddeſs, who was inquiring of Clotho, if ſhe had ſeen Miſs Morley.

"Dear, no, aunt! it is in vain to look for her, if there were twenty of thoſe black things together, it is impoſſible to know one from the other; beſides, I dare ſay Mr. Bentham will take care of her."

"No doubt, replied Mors; if we can

but find her before we go, it is all I want."

That ſhe had no other wiſh to find Celina than to ſave appearances, was a diſcovery that by no means pleaſed Mr. Bentham ; yet from a woman like Mrs. Willoughby, weak and ſelfiſh, and illiberal, he could expect nothing more. He returned to Labott's at a much later hour than he promiſed.

He found Celina in tears, and Edward endeavouring to comfort her, while the ſoft meſſengers of heartfelt ſorrow ſtood in either eyes. He did all in his power to raiſe their ſpirits, but it would not do.—He caught the ſoft contagion, and mingled his ſighs with theirs.

The hour of parting drew nigh. Edward's luggage was already on board, and the maſter of the veſſel had ſent to ſay, all waited for him.

After innumerable embraces ! which even the preſence of a third perſon did not prevent her from receiving, they walked down to the mole, where the boat lay that was to convey him to the veſſel.

Their diſtreſs beggars deſcription ! No words can give a juſt idea of their tender

woe! even the Lazaroni who were ſtanding by, and were ſtrangers to their tale, begged he would take the Signora with him, for they never before ſaw grief like her's.

After many attempts, Edward tore himſelf from her, and leapt into the boat; Celina endeavoured to follow, but the boat puſhed off, and in a few moments the darkneſs of the night hid him from her view.

She ſtood leaning her head on the ſhoulder of Bentham, liſtening to the daſhing of the oars, and beating of the waves, till the ſounds died on her ear, and all was loſt.

Mr. Bentham then prevailed on her to put on her mask, which was hanging on her arm, and return with him to Labott's, till ſhe was more tranquil, he then would conduct her home.

On entering the apartments, where ſo late ſhe had ſupped with Edward, all her ſorrows ruſhed at once upon her mind, and her anguiſh was nearly too great for her to ſupport.

Much did Mr. Bentham ſay to comfort her; he talked of Edward's return as a circumſtance that was to happen the next week; and led her through flattering ſcenes painted in glowing colours, till, in imagi-

nation, ſhe ſaw herſelf ſettled with her Edward, flouriſhing under the approving ſmile of all their friends!

Mr. Bentham's kind perſuaſive diſcourſe ſoothed her violent grief into a tender melancholy; and at parting, he promiſed to call next next morning.

Celina ſaw no one but the waiter; on enquiring, ſhe found that Mrs. Willoughby was not returned; ſhe went immediately to her chamber; the whole night, or rather the remainder of it, was ſpent in tears and prayers for Edward's happineſs and ſafety. In the morning Mrs. Conway obſerved, that ſhe looked very ill, but attributed it to the Feſtino, and late hours.

Mr. Bentham's firſt viſit in the morning was paid to Mrs. Willoughby, who entertained him with nothing but the politeneſs of Prince Zanqui; and his ſon, who, by the by, ſhe ſuſpected had conceived a prodigious fondneſs for Miſs Derwent.

He found Celina reading to Mrs. Conway, who was much worſe that morning than ſhe had been for ſome days paſt.

Celina's beautiful countenance was rendered ſtill ſofter, by an intereſting languor which pervaded every feature. Bentham

thought he never beheld an object half so lovely; and felt something like envy rising in his breast towards his friend who was possessed of such a treasure; but faith and honour soon chased it from his bosom, and he could only feel an anxious and honest solicitude for her health, as he knew on her hung Edward's life and hopes.

He begged Mrs. Conway would permit him to take Miss Morley out before dinner, as he thought nothing would be of so much service to her as a ride in the air.

Mrs. Conway readily assented, saying, one of the Miss Derwents would be an addition to the party. Celina knew why she proposed one of those ladies joining them, and felt the propriety of a third person, as Mr. Bentham was almost a stranger to her, at least her friend imagined so.

She went to Mrs. Willoughby's apartments, and begged the favour of one of the young ladies company to take a ride, but was informed, their company was indispensible at the Princesses's toilet.

"I am sorry," said Celina, "that you are all engaged, as I feel myself quite unwell from the fatigue of last night's amusement, and Mr. Bentham has kindly offered

to drive me a few miles out of town, as I think the air may be of ſervice to me."

"You ſurely do not mean to ſtay at home becauſe none of us can go with you," replied Miſs Derwent.

"I certainly ſhould feel more pleaſure in having a female friend."

"Humph! friend," retorted Miſs Derwent ſoftly, with a diſdainful toſs of her head.

"O! there can be no *impropriety*," ſaid Mrs. Willoughby, with a ſuſpicious ſneer, "in taking a ride with a man in broad *day light*, with whom you paſſed ſo *many hours at midnight!* without a chapeau."

"That fault was your's Madam—your behaviour to me laſt night was unanſwerable, and your leaving me with Mr. Bentham was *evidently* with *deſign*."

"Why, to be ſure," returned ſhe with a ſupercilious air, "it was not poſſible to introduce Mr. Bentham—a *merchant*—a *man of buſineſs*—to the Prince; nor can either myſelf or nieces, be publicly ſeen with him again."

"Madam, I wiſh you good morning. Ladies good morning," ſaid Celina, riſing and curtſying, "I ſhall no longer intrude,

ſince, from what you have ſaid, I muſt infer, that Mr. Bentham's friends are alſo implicated;" and then left the room, her boſom filled with no other ſentiment than pity for the weak pride and arrogance that poſſeſſed the minds of Mrs. Willoughby and her nieces.

Mrs. Conway was highly amuſed by Celina's recital of their converſation, and obſerved, that under the direction of a woman like Mrs. Willoughby, a young female was in more danger of falling into error, than if expoſed to the company of the moſt daring libertine; with the one ſhe would reſt in fancied ſecurity, and be led inſenſibly by arrogance, pride and avarice, to the moſt imminent dangers; while, with the other, knowing her perilous ſituation, and ſenſible of the conſequence of being led away by his arts, ſhe would be ever on her guard, and profit by the trials."

"I hope, Madam, you will not deem it an impropriety that Miſs Morley ſhould take an airing with me."

"No, Sir, I have the utmoſt confidence in Miſs Morley's prudence, and I eſteem you as a man of honour; if you are ſeen together, the world will give its opinion,

and you muſt both be prepared to hear its remarks."

"If that I am honoured with Miſs Morley's friendſhip, and it becomes the ſubject of the town, it will be moſt flattering to my ears; but if the tongue of ſlander breathes forth its venom—if it becomes the echo of Mrs Willoughby, it would render me very wretched; I therefore hope to be allowed the pleaſure of paying my reſpects to you, and enjoying an hour or two each evening in your company."

Mrs. Conway bowed conſent; ſhe preferred one hours converſation with a ſenſible well informed man, to the obſequious bows and cringes of twenty titled fools."

As all viſiting and intercourſe ceaſed between Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Willoughby, and as the former's health viſibly declined, Mr. Bentham was almoſt the only viſitor they ſaw, except a few morning calls.

The Conſul's daughters paid their reſpects two or three times a-week.—But Celina's evenings were generally ſpent at home.

She now and then took a ride, or walk, in the morning with Mr. Bentham; then it was ſhe indulged in the greateſt of all luxuries—talking of Edward—The ſubject was

always grateful to Mr. Bentham, who felt for him a ſincere affection.

So paſſed her days; and each ſucceeding one brought more cauſe for pain and ſorrow than the laſt.

Mrs. Conway was now wholly confined to two apartments; her phyſician thought it adviſable to change the air as much as poſſible, by ſleeping alternately in them.

One evening Mr. Bentham brought a card for Celina, at the deſire of the Conſul's daughter, with whom he had dined, and a large party, at the the Engliſh miniſters. There was a great mixture of Engliſh and natives; among the latter was Prince Zanqui, who intended the next evening to give a ball and ſupper.

He invited all preſent; ſent for tickets and diſtributed one to each of the company, when Mrs. Saldini begged one for a friend of her's, which the Prince inſtantly gave, at the ſame time obſerving, if any of the company had friends who would honour him by their preſence, he ſhould eſteem it a favour if they would let him know, as the more numerouſly his ball was attended, the more he ſhould feel himſelf flattered."

Mrs. Saldini immediately gave the ticket

to Mr. Bentham, begging he would uſe his influence to prevail on Celina to leave Mrs. Conway for two or three hours, and honor them with her company; that ſhe would call and take her in her carriage.

Mr. Bentham delivered the ticket, but did not repeat his wiſhes for her accepting it, till Mrs. Conway ſeconded his requeſt.

"Do, my dear Miſs Morley," ſaid ſhe, "rouſe yourſelf, it will not fatigue you as the Feſtino did; you are not obliged to dance unleſs you feel inclined, and you may retire as early as you like."

Celina, to oblige her friend, conſented to go, and at the appointed time Mrs. Saldini came. Mr. Bentham was already there, and took upon himſelf to act as Cavalier Servante to both for the evening.

Mrs. Saldini introduced Celina to more than three parts of the company.

The Princeſs took a ſeat between her and Bentham, and was in earneſt converſation with them when Mrs. Willoughby entered; a bluſh of vexation over-ſpread her plump cheek at the ſight—She buſtled up to the Princeſs, her nieces in her train, to make her curtſey, which the Princeſs returned by a ſlight recline of her head.

This indifferent reception, and visible preference shewn to Celina, and the man of Business, wounded her pride—her colour heightened to purple and spoke the vindictive thoughts of her heart.

"The few English ladies," said the Princess, "that I have had the honour to converse with, give me a most exalted idea of their general character in my little book of remarks, opinions, and suppositions. I have noted them down as lovely in their persons (and it is beyond a doubt that the Continental ladies must yield to them the palm of beauty)—but to go on,—lovely in their persons, soft in their manners, and interesting in their conversation—that they possess wonderful capacities which their system of education greatly improves—*but that woman, and her nieces*, had nearly inclined me to give up my hypothesis, and place the British on a level with the females of this land.

"But, my young friend (taking Celina's hand) has stepped in, and saved them, and I am only convinced, that amongst the most beautiful flowers, weeds will spring up.

This compliment drew a bluſh on the cheek of Celina, and a hearty coincidence from Mr. Bentham; nor did he let ſlip the opportunity of complimenting the princeſs, who was particularly attentive to Miſs Morley all the evening.

The two firſt dances Celina went down with Mr. Bentham, when Princeſs Zaqui introduced her to Marcheſe Spignitore, and begged ſhe would honor him with her hand for one dance, ſaying, ſhe would alſo engage Mr. Bentham herſelf.

The Marcheſe was extremely attentive, and on her taking leave, begged he might have the honour of ſetting her down, which Mr. Bentham, in her name, accepted.

Mrs. Saldini not being inclined to retire ſo early.

As Mrs. Conway was ſtill reclining on the ſofa, for ſhe was more irregular in her hours of going to reſt, as ſhe grew worſe. Mr. Bentham went in, and in order to amuſe her, gave an account of the company, particularly of Mrs. Willoughby, in a humourous ſtile.

"Miſs Morley," ſaid he, "is *quite delighted* with the princeſs Zanqui."

"What," replied she, "because she bestowed so handsome a panegyric on my own country women."

"And on yourself more particularly," said Mr. Bentham.

"I cannot think that," said Celina, blushing.

"Then Mrs. Conway shall judge."

He then related minutely the princesses's conversation. Mrs. Conway agreed with him, and he took his leave.

The next morning the Marchese called to enquire after Miss Morley's health; he was admitted, and Mrs. Conway conversed with him some time.

On taking his leave, he said, he should do himself the honour of repeating his visits; which he occasionally did, till Mrs. Conway grew too weak to admit even Mr. Bentham, who was at the door of the apartment every hour, to enquire of her health.

One morning he begged to see Celina, to whom he gave two letters from Edward, brought by the Padcona of the vessel that conveyed him to Alexandria; one for herself, and another for Mrs. Conway—that to Celina, was a repetition of vows of love

and conſtancy; promiſing to perform his journey with all the expedition in his power, and uſe every poſſible means to preſerve his health and ſpirits for her ſake—It was a balm to her ſoul, and ſhe already began to anticipate his return.

To Mrs. Conway, he related his uncle's cruel determination, to marry him to a woman of large fortune—that he had conſented to undertake the journey, he was then performing, to avoid marrying Ap Price—that he felt it impoſſible to obey his uncle—his choice being irrevocably fixed on an amiable woman who unfortunately was not rich.

She peruſed and reperuſed the letter, the contents of which gave her infinite concern, and for ſome time her own ills and infirmities were totally forgotten in the diſtreſſes of her couſin.

"Poor Edward!—read that letter Miſs Morley, and tell me if you do not pity him."

Celina took the letter with a trembling hand, and as ſhe read the too intereſting contents, a tear ſtole down her cheek.

"Indeed, Madam, I do ſincerely pity him; and nothing would give me more

pleaſure than to ſee him return to England, and know that he was happy."

"You are very kind thus tenderly to feel for him.—I wiſh I could recall him—perhaps his avaricious uncle would compromiſe for part of my fortune, and accept it in lieu of any deficiency on the lady's part."

When Celina heard this, ſhe ſecretly wiſhed ſhe had made a friend and confident of Mrs. Conway—but it was too late.

Mrs. Conway rapidly grew worſe, and it was impoſſible for her to leave her bed room—Mr. Bentham was permitted to her bedſide generally once or twice a day.

One morning when he went to her room, ſhe held out her hand—He took it—ſhe endeavoured to preſs his, but her feeble nerves refuſed.

"Mr. Bentham," ſaid ſhe, "I have not long to remain here—Celina will be left expoſed and unprotected!—that idea diſturbs the tranquillity of my few remaining hours."

Her look—her accent—the dying ſtate he ſaw her in, and the object ſhe was pleading for, affected Mr. Bentham very ſenſibly.

"If, Madam, the promiſe of my protection will give any eaſe to your mind, rely on my affording Miſs Morley every aſſiſtance in my power."

"Will you, Mr. Bentham," ſtill endeavouring to preſs his hand, "Will you indeed protect Celina? Will you aſſiſt her in adjuſting my affairs after my death?

"I would be ſent to England to be interred; it is not in her power to give neceſſary directions.—By this paper, I ſecure to Celina five hundred pounds, which I requeſt you will witneſs," at the ſame time giving him the paper to ſign.

Mr. Bentham aſſured her he would undertake to do every thing requiſite for the eaſe and comfort of Miſs Morley.

She then took the hand of the weeping Celina, and placed it in Mr. Bentham's.—"There, my dear, is your protector! he will conduct you ſafe to England, or to your father!—he has promiſed to do it, and few are ſo depraved as to break a promiſe made to the dying."

Shortly after Mr. Bentham took his leave, Mrs. Conway fell into a ſweet ſleep for ſome hours; when ſhe awoke, ſhe pulled Celina towards her—kiſſed her tenderly—turned

round, and in less than an hour breathed her last.

Celina was prepared for the blow; it was not the first dear friend she had lost, and the reliance she had on Mr. Bentham, sustained her drooping spirits; she did not feel herself alone—she looked up to him as a brother—as a part of Edward—for the idea of Edward and Bentham were inseparable.

He called early in the evening, found Celina sitting in her own room, whose countenance told that her friend was no more!

Mr. Bentham, whose feelings were tremblingly alive to the soft effusions of the sorrowing heart, looked on Celina with tender pity, while he offered her every consolation her mind was capable of receiving.

He felt the care of Celina a sacred trust doubly reposed in him; first given to him by a man towards whom he felt more than a brother's love, and again resigned to him by a dying female, whose character he highly esteemed and respected.

He gave every necessary orders for the coffin and package, likewise agreed with a captain for the passage of the corps and the two servants; Celina determined to travel

with Mr. Bentham to Rotterdam; indeed he almoſt became neceſſary to her happineſs, as it was with him alone ſhe could converſe of Edward.

The Princeſs Zanqui hearing of Mrs. Conway's death, ſent an invitation by the phyſician to Celina, begging ſhe would favour her with her company during her ſtay at Naples; ſhe alſo repeated the invitation to Mr. Bentham, who adviſed Celina to accept of it, as the ſhip would not ſail for more than three weeks; and ſhe thought it a reſpect due to the manes of her friend to ſee them ſafe on board before ſhe quitted Naples.

She requeſted he would convey her reſpects to the Princeſs, and ſay, ſhe would do herſelf the honour to accept of her protection for a few weeks.

The next day Celina, Page and the man ſervant, took up their reſidence at Palazzo Zanqui.

The following week certain circumſtances took place in Mr. Bentham's concerns, which rendered his preſence neceſſary at Leghorn; and the Princeſs Zanqui inſiſted that Celina ſhould remain with her till his

return, which he hoped would be in six or seven weeks.

Two days before his departure, two gentlemen arrived from Egypt; they brought Mr. Bentham a letter from Edward, inclosing the following for Celina.

"WITH pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to ever dear Celina! my journey hitherto has been pleasant, in as much as I have met with no interruption or delay; my stay at Alleppo shall be as short as possible; from that place I shall again address her, and say whether she has any cause to fear the powerful charms of Signor Esteffane's daughters, or any of the fair ones of the east.

"Neither the novelty of our present mode of travelling, the various scenes each day presents, or the humorous trick of a Cacoan African, I have taken into my service, have power for one moment to attract my thoughts from my Celina.

"Believe me, the certainty I feel of possing her tendereſt affection is the source of all my happiness!—the basis on which I build all my future joys.—I view them in perspective with enthusiastic delight,

" till my deluded mind nearly believes the
' forced ſcenes are real! when looking
" round for the dear object that animates
" the pleaſing thought, I feel the fallacy
" of my waking viſion.

" Yet do I moſt *firmly* truſt, the varied
" ſcenes of pleaſure and felicity my ſan-
" guine imagination leads me through, will
" in a ſhort time be realiſed!—A few
" months, I hope, will bring me back to
" my native land, and to all that makes
" that land moſt dear to me—to my adored
" Celina!

" Should the conſequence of our union
" be ſuch as to render it impoſſible that it
" ſhould remain any longer a ſecret, let
" not my Celina afflict herſelf one inſtant
" on that account, even though it ſhould
" reach my Uncle's ears.

" I would pay him every reſpect and
" duty that a grateful heart can owe to a
" parent; yet his favour and regard are not
" to be placed in competition with the
" character and peace of her who is dearer
" to me than life.

" On the friendſhip of Mr. Bentham you
" may rely—to him you may communi-
" cate all your hopes and fears; he will be

" near you in the hour of trial, and pro-
" tect you with a brother's hand.

" As my couſin appears not to benefit
" by the air of Naples, I think it probable
" you will ſoon leave it, and my next I
" will alſo incloſe to Bentham, in London,
" and he will convey it to you, as I ſincere-
" ly truſt he never will loſe ſight of you.

" My couſin will no doubt take Rotter-
" dam in her way home, as ſhe promiſed.
" —To your father, ſay for me every thing
" that is kind and reſpectful—from him,
" my love, I would not have you keep any
" ſecret; on his prudence and regard I
" can rely—he may blame us for what he
" will call an imprudent act, but will not
" baniſh us from his affections.

" I anticipate in extacy the happy hour,
" when we, in an humble poſture, ſhall re-
" ceive his parental bleſſing, and I fondly
" hope, preſent to him a dear pledge of
" our mutual loves.—Excuſe the brevity of
" this letter. I have but a few moments
" allowed me to write in, and let the warm
" effuſions of an over-captured heart com-
" penſate for the ſhortneſs of this epiſtle.

" It is with moſt exquiſite ſenſations I
" ſubſcribe myſelf, my dear Celina's
" Devoted and affectionate huſband,
EDWARD ELLISON."

The receipt of this Letter added much to Celina's tranquillity, and Bentham left her in better ſpirits than he could expect. Indeed, ſhe had not half the time for reflection and melancholy that ſhe would have had, had ſhe ſtill remained at the Crocele, as there was generally company to dinner, if not, the evenings were ſpent at the theatre, or in a large circle of nobility.

CHAP. III.

For me long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by falſe hope in ſearch of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak climes no bleſs'd abode,
No place, no ſeaſon, ſacred from annoy.

AMONG the many viſitors who frequently honored the Princeſs Zanqui with their company, was the Marcheſe Spignitori, who appeared to attach himſelf to Celina; though his aſſiduities and gallantry were very troubleſome, yet he cautiouſly avoided giving her any juſt opportunity to forbid his attentions.

He would in a morning enter her dreſſing room with as little ceremony as he did that of the Princeſs; this gave great uneaſineſs both to herſelf and Mrs. Page; ſhe

at length complained to the Princeſs Zanqui, who was ſurprized Celina ſhould be offended at a liberty which in that country is ſo uſual, and conſidered by no means inconſiſtent with propriety—ſhe laughed at her Engliſh prudery, as ſhe termed it, but took no further notice of the affair.

Celina ſtudiouſly avoided the Marcheſe's company, and ſought that of the Prince Zanqui, whom ſhe diſcovered to be a man of ſentiment and ſenſibility; and contrary to the general character of the Neapolitan nobility, he was a man of profound erudition; he not only ſtudied ancient, but modern hiſtory and poetry. She was ſome days in the palace before ſhe was favoured with a ſight of his library.

One morning Celina felt herſelf rather indiſpoſed, and excuſed herſelf from accompanying the Princeſs on her viſits, when the Prince invited her to his ſtudy, obſerving, he hoped ſhe would find ſome amuſement.

On entering the room, Celina was ſurprized at the innumerable quantity of books that were ranged in order round, quite in the Engliſh ſtyle; in the centre ſtood a large table, two ſofas, ſeveral chairs, and

four ſmall reading deſks, with every appendage.

" Here Signora, are authors of all nations, and on all ſubjects; take your choice, if you are not for hiſtory or travels, there are ſome miſcellaneous pieces, or poetry."

Celina looked towards the table where he had been ſitting, ſaw he was tranſlating from an ancient book of Pindaric poems; from which he read to her ſome beautiful and elegant paſſages.

" We have Signor," ſaid Celina, " our Pindar, and indeed our Paſquin; but our Pindar writes not in this ſtile."

" Your Pindar I have heard of, nay, indeed I have read ſome of his works; for though I do not attempt to ſpeak Engliſh, I can read it tolerably, but I am diſpleaſed and diſguſted at the unjuſtifiable liberty he takes with his King; he laſhes with impunity the beſt and moſt exalted character that ever dignified a crown!

" I am a warm admirer of your Sovereign, your *laws* and *goverment*; but I am often grieved that ſome of your *juſtly* boaſted *liberties* ſhould be ſo *ſadly abuſed*.—The fame of your Paſquin has not reached me; the pleaſure of reading him is yet to come."

" Yes, Signor, if to read the productions of men who pervert the amazing talents nature has beſtowed on them is a pleaſure, you have. It is to be lamented, that their admirable pens are not employed to expoſe and correct the vices of the age—to ſet forth the virtues of mankind, or celebrate the actions of ſome virtuous individual, rather than drag the ſacred character of our auguſt monarch to the eye of ridicule, and fill the mouths of the diſaffected with abſurd and ſcandalous tales, that have not the leaſt foundation in truth."

" It has, Signora, been a grievance in all ages—ſuch men have lived before—but as each country grows more enlightened, more refined and virtuous, I had hoped that ſuch *mean* malignant ſpirits ceaſed to animate the breaſt of man—of Engliſhmen in particular ; but ſince that hope was founded in error, I can only ſay, I truſt that only few of them exiſt."

" I hope ſo too, and am ſorry that my country has given birth to a man who reſpects not his king—when that king is as near perfection as human nature can hope to be."

Prince Zanqui found more pleaſure in this morning's converſation than he had promiſed himſelf; and when Celina retired to dreſs for dinner, told her his ſtudy door would at all times be open to her.

At dinner the Princeſs aſked Celina how ſhe had paſſed the morning.

"With great ſatisfaction and pleaſure Madam, and with your permiſſion I will ſpend many more in the ſame manner."

"You have full liberty to diſpoſe of your time as you like, but I ſhall ſoon make up the trio. When Lent begins, there will be no theatre—no amuſements of any kind from home, I ſhall then be glad to ſhake hands with a few duſty authors. I ſhall paſs the ſix tedious weeks in prayer, faſting, and contemplation; and then I ſhall have reading enough for the year."

At the time appointed, the veſſel ſailed that conveyed to England the body of Mrs. Conway, Page and James.

The parting with Mrs Page was another diminution of Celina's happineſs—She now felt herſelf alone. To add to her diſtreſs, three days after ſhe received a letter from her father, deſiring to ſee her as ſoon as poſſible—that he felt his health declining.

faſt—that her company was the ony conſolation he could receive, and the only earthly bleſſing he hoped for! as he knew his diſorder was ſuch as admitted of no cure!

Celina was extremely afflicted at the melancholy news; with a heavy heart and ſtreaming eyes ſhe collected a few neceſſary articles of dreſs, and packed them in a portmantua, leaving the reſt of her clothes under the care of the Princeſs Zanqui, begging ſhe would cauſe them to be forwarded to her whenever ſhe ſhould requeſt it.

As Celina had no carriage, and ſhe did not think it adviſeable to purchaſe one, it was not poſſible for her to go poſt; the Princeſs ordered one of her ſervants to engage a carriage to take her as far as Rome, where ſhe could make another agreement. The good old Thomaſa had conceived a tender reſpect for Signora *Ingleſe*, as he always called her, and in the hope of making her journey more comfortable, he prevailed on a friend of his (who had a carriage and horſes which he let out in jobs) to go with Celina to Rome; and early next morning ſhe left Naples, with no other companion than Thomaſa's friend.

The Princeſs Zanqui ſincerely regretted her departure, and invited her to return again.

Celina wrote a few lines to Mr. Bentham, informing him of her leaving Naples, and the melancholy cauſe.

The Marcheſe Spignitori was preſent when Celina received her father's letter, and did all in his *little power* to ſooth her ſorrows; but ſhe ſcornfully rejected his attempts. He retired early to an arduous taſk he had impoſed on himſelf—the *manufaturing* of a *letter* which he ſent to Celina, as ſhe was ſtepping into the carriage.

To tranſlate it, I could not do juſtice to the ſtyle—I fear the very ſpirit and eſſence of the language would be loſt; it muſt therefore ſuffice to ſay, that a greater number of ſoft, tender, incoherent ſentences, were never jumbled together. All the Gods in the heathen mythology were called upon to witneſs his paſſion, which burned in his breaſt like the fires of Veſuvius! he did not go farf or a ſimile.

Celina, as ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently recollected, broke the ſeal; but ere ſhe had run through half the contents, her patience was

gone—her reſentment kindled, and ſhe threw it on the ſeat beſide her.

"To read it through will do too much *honor* to the writer; nor will I be ſo unjuſt to my *father* and my *Edward*, as to ſuffer it to divert my mind one inſtant from them," thought Celina, as ſhe threw down the paper.

Her journey to Rome was uninterrupted till ſhe arrived never Albano, when the horſes ſuddenly ſtopped, and refuſed to draw the carriage up the hill, at the entrance of the town, which though not long, is rather ſteep. Celina got out to render it lighter. The driver then turned back the horſes, and ſet forward in a full trot; the moment the poor old animals felt the hill they made a full ſtop. This was repeated at leaſt ten times, and each time the driver did not ſpare the whip.

Celina waited on the top of the hill till ſhe had no other hope of getting the carriage, than by ſending for a pair of horſes from Albano. At length the poor man finding that neither whipping nor kiſſing would avail, he drew from his pocket a ſmall braſs crucifix, and laid it carefully on the ſeat of the carriage, again turned back

his horſes, then ſet forward on a full trot, and they gained the hill without ſtopping. When he took the crucifix from the carriage, Celina aſked to look at it; he gave it to her, and ſaid, "Ah! Signora, without this we ſhould *never* have *reached Albano*. O my poor horſes, how cruelly have I beat you!"

He then kiſſed them both affectionately, and with a tender hand ſmoothed the hairs that the whip had turned. When ſhe gave him back the crucifix, he bowed his head to it, and returned it to his pocket.

"'Tis wonderful," ſaid Celina, as ſhe ſtepped into the carriage.

"It is a miracle, Signora," ſaithe man, "and I fear *nothing* while I am thus favoured."

This little occurrence, and the palpable ſuperſtition of the driver, led Celina into a train of thoughts that were not interrupted till ſhe arrived at Rome. From thence ſhe travelled with all poſſible expedition to Florence, over the Tyrol, and through Germany, which was the ſeat of war; but ſhe paſſed unmoleſted.

On her arrival at Rotterdam ſhe found her father extremely ill. The ſight of her

revived him, and for ſeveral days he was apparently better; but at laſt the ſtimulus ceaſed to take effect, and the daily ravages the diſorder made on his conſtitution were too viſible.

Celina had much to tell her father—ſhe had experienced many changes, had undergone *ſevere trials* ſince they parted. Of the many circumſtances ſhe had to relate, ſome pleaſed him, and others gave him inexpreſſible pain; yet they all amuſed his mind from himſelf—but there was ſtill a tale untold, the weight of which preſſed heavy on her mind!—*Never* till now had ſhe a wiſh, thought, or action, unknown to him; and ſhe determined to eaſe her heart of its load the firſt opportunity.

One evening as they were diſcourſing on old friends, and paſt pleaſures, Mr. Morley aſked, if ſhe had lately heard from Edward? the queſtion was what ſhe wiſhed, yet ſhe knew not how to anſwer it; at laſt, with much heſitation, ſhe articulated—Yes.

"What is the matter, my dear? the enquiry appears to embarraſs you—Speak—tell me—you never yet were afraid, or felt any reluctance to conſide your hopes and wiſhes in my breaſt. I hope, my dear girl,

abſence has not weakened your confidence in your father."

This gentle remonſtrance drew tears from her eyes; ſhe caught her father's hand, preſſed it to her lips, then to her heart.

"No, my father! my love for you, and reliance on you, is as *ſtrong* as *ever*; but I have failed in my duty—Will you?—*can* you forgive me?—Dare I look up for your pardon?" She fell on her knees, and hid her face in her hand.

Mr. Morley was loſt in wonder at what he heard and ſaw; nor could he form the moſt diſtant idea in what his daughter had committed a breach of duty; he preſſed her hands, which ſhe ſtill held before his face, and tenderly ſaid:

"Riſe, my dear child, do not keep me in ſuſpence; tell me the great fault you have commited? fear not my reſentment—I never was inexorable; and if forgiveneſs can be granted, I will forgive!"

"O, my dear father! I cannot ſpeak it—read that letter, and ſpare me!"

She held Edward's laſt letter in her hand—he took it, and after wiping away the tear that dim'd each eye, he read it with a countenance firm and unchanged, while Celina

watched him with a ſupplicating look: As he folded up the letter, he ſaid:

"By this letter, my dear, I learn that you are the wife of Edward!—When—where and how, I have yet to learn;—it appears to me to be *impoſſible*.—Where is he?—tell me—myſtery envellops the whole."

Celina held out her hand, which he took; ſhe again preſſed his to her lips.

"My dear father! this kindneſs diſolves me; yet it inſpires me with courage to relate what you aſk."

She then informed her father of every circumſtance that took place from Edward's arrival at Naples, till his departure for Aleppo; which Mr. Morley heard with mingled emotions of ſurpriſe, pity and ſorrow. When her tale was ended, ſhe again aſked his forgiveneſs. He pulled her towards him, and tenderly embraced her.

"Yes, my dear Celina! I *do forgive* you; yet, I wiſh your marriage had not taken place till Edward had performed his journey. His uncle's wiſh to marry him to a woman of fortune I have long known, but did not imagine he would have carried his reſentment to ſuch a height, and have ſent him on ſo perilous a journey. You

have, my dear girl, your father's conſtant prayers, and moſt ardent wiſhes, for your future happineſs! I wiſh to ſee Edward again, but in vain; my days, I am ſenſible, are wearing out apace, and ſoon ſhall I be at reſt!"

Celina felt too forcibly the truth of this laſt ſentence; nor could ſhe diſcover one flattering ſymptom. Her father ſhe endeavoured to cheer up with hope, but he was not to be deceived.

Celina excuſed herſelf from taking her meals with the family, not wiſhing to be one inſtant from her Father, and frequently did ſhe make her dinner on the meat from which ſhe drew his broth, rather than give the ſervants additional trouble

Mynheer van Mierhop was frequent in his viſits to the ſick chamber, and never failed to ſhake his friend's hand at the hour of reſt; but his fair ſpouſe never made even an enquiry; her nerves were too delicate to ſupport a melancholy viſit to an invalid. Celina felt this neglect to her father, and deſpiſed her for the inhumanity ſhe betrayed in her conduct.

Three weeks did ſhe watch her beloved parent ſinking under a complication of

diſorders, brought on by a wounded mind, and a heart lacerated by repeated blows of aggravated misfortune! the *cauſe* of it was not in the power of medicine to reach; and the effects gained ground every hour, till the *fatal* one arrived, which left the unfortunate Celina an unprotected orphan!

She was ſupporting her father's head on her arm, while the nurſe adminiſtered a little nouriſhment, when he drew his laſt breath. She felt the vital ſpirit leave his body, and fell lifeleſs by his ſide; the nurſe called for help, when Celina was carried to another apartment, and medical aſſiſtance was immediately ſent for.

Mynheer Van Mierhop was extremely diſtreſſed at the death of his friend, and alarmed at the indiſpoſition of his daughter. On the ſecond day ſhe was ſo far recovered as to be able to converſe with him about her father's funeral; the direction of which he promiſed to take upon himſelf. On the day the body was removed, ſhe inſiſted on going to take a laſt look at her beloved father, which was ſtrongly oppoſed by the phyſicians; but ſhe would not be prevented.

"Shall I let his precious remains be ſhut

up for ever from my ſight and not be allowed once more to preſs his lips?—Is his child to be denied the melancholy ſatisfaction of weeping over his lifeleſs form before it is conſigned to the grave! theſe arms ſhall once more encircle him!—once more preſs him to my breaking heart!—nor ſhall ye prevent me———"

She then leaped out of bed, but ſo much was ſhe debilitated by the fever, that ſhe muſt have fallen on the floor had not the nurſe caught her in her arms, who touched with compaſſion for her diſtreſs, conſented to lead her to her father's chamber, having firſt wrapped her up to prevent her catching cold.

At the ſight of the coffin ſhe uttered a piercing groan! then kneeling on the bed on which it ſtood, threw herſelf on the body, where ſhe lay for ſome time breathleſs. The nurſe alarmed at the dreadful pauſe, called aloud for aſſiſtance, which rouſed her from the ſtupor. She kiſſed the corpſe repeatedly, and called on heaven to receive his ſoul! gave her hand to the nurſe and returned to her chamber.

A cold ſhivering ſeized her ſoon after, and the fever raged more violent than ever—

ſhe was delirious the whole night, and talked inceſſantly of Edward, and her father. For many days ſhe lay in a doubtful ſtate, but a length the fever abated, and ſhe was pronounced out of danger.

She recovered rapidly, and in leſs than a fortnight after the fever left her, ſhe was able to walk out. She then told Mynheer van Mierhop that ſhe wiſhed to leave Rotterdam as ſoon as poſſible; this worthy man would glady have invited Celina to ſtay ſometime longer there, but he knew his wife would be much better pleaſed at her departure. He gave her a juſt account of her father's affairs, and paid her the ſum of eight hundred pounds, which was all Mr. Morley poſſeſſed at his death; and inſiſted on taking the expences of his friend's illneſs and funeral on himſelf.

At parting, Mynheer van Mierhop deſired Celina would at all times, when ſhe ſtood in need of caſh, make him acquainted with it; that he ſhould ever feel the utmoſt ſatisfaction in rendering any ſervice to the daughter of his friend; and if his friendſhip could be of benefit to her in any other reſpect ſhe might command it.

Celina thanked him for his kindneſs, nor could ſhe part from him without feeling a ſincere regret; his affection for her father had endeared him to her.

She determined to return to Naples in hopes of meeting Mr. Bentham, and to ſpend a few weeks with the Princeſs Zanqui; and for a *thouſand other reaſons*, which perhaps to *any other* perſon would appear *no* reaſon at all—poſſibly *certain circumſtances* having taken place there, rendered it more deſirable than any other place, as a reſidence while her mind was unhappy, and her mourned a dear father, and an abſent huſband! the laſt evening but one before Celina left Rotterdam, Mynheer van Mierhop, at a friend's houſe, met with a lady whoſe huſband was an officer, and then was with his regiment lying before Valencienes, to which place ſhe was then going. He related to this lady the recent misfortune of Celina, and her intention of returning to Naples. Mrs. Arlington expreſſed a wiſh that Miſs Morley would accompany her to Valencienes, that after ſhe had ſpent a few days with her huſband, ſhe would go into Italy with Celina, where ſhe would remain ſome months to wait the

event of the war. He promiſed to mention it to Miſs Morley, and let Mrs. Arlington know her determination in the morning.

Mynheer van Mierhop returned early to make Celina acquainted with Mrs. Arlington's propoſal, which ſhe joyfully accepted, and ſent her an anſwer to that effect.

The next morning Mrs. Arlington waited on Celina to ſettle the hour of their departure, which being determined, Celina felt a degree of ſatisfaction in reflecting that ſhe had acquired an agreeable companion for at leaſt the worſt part of her journey.

CHAP. IV.

Thy mother in her peaceful tomb is laid,
Silent those griefs that fretted life away;
At sight of thee her tender heart would bleed,
It bled for others, but for thee 'twould stream.

EARLY the next morning they left Rotterdam, and after a safe and pleasant journey they arrived at that side of the camp, without interruption, that was occupied by the English, Austrians, and the different divisions of the empire. The horrors of war struck Celina with a deep melancholy: the dreadful hollow roaring of the bombs that were incessantly thrown into the town—the tottering church towers perforated in every direction—the innumerable fires burning in every part of the town,

occaſioned by the great quantity of ſhells thrown in by the beſiegers—and the ſcreams of the women and children, whoſe employment it was to aſſiſt the men in extinguiſhing thoſe fires, altogether formed a ſcene as diſtreſſing as it was new to her.

Mrs. Arlington left a letter with the rear guard for Captain Arlington; and agreeable to the advice of the ſoldiers, the driver took them to Bouchain, where they ſaid the ladies would find ſome little accommodation.

The next morning Captain Arlington came to them while they were at breakfaſt. The ſight of his lady appeared to give him the ſupremeſt pleaſure. After a thouſand tender careſſes and kind enquiries, he politely paid his reſpects to Celina, and propoſed that they ſhould viſit the camp, as his preſence was neceſſary there for an hour or two, and that he would return with them to dinner.

They paſſed through part of the camp to Captain Arlington's marque, but the conſtant fire that was kept up the whole day, ſo alarmed both Mrs. Arlington and Celina that they begged to return as ſoon as poſſible.

Celina had by no means her natural ſtrength, and on her return to the inn felt herſelf much fatigued; ſhe retired early to her chamber, and there indulged the melancholy ideas that naturally aroſe in her mind from the ſcenes of the paſt day. Her thoughts then anxiouſly fled to Henry, but there ſhe felt conſolation, he was ſituated (as ſhe imagined) only on the defenſive, and not expoſed to the perils attendant on the life of a ſoldier in actual ſervice. There was at that time no cauſe to apprehend any enemy attempting to diſturb the peace of the inhabitants of Gibralter; ſuch were the reflections that occupied the mind of Celina during a long and reſtleſs night.

She roſe early, hoping that a walk in the morning air would refreſh her oppreſſed ſpirits; ſhe intended only to viſit the garden, but finding the door locked ſhe walked in the road, not going more than three or four hundred yards from the houſe, which diſtance ſhe paced and repaced ſeveral times. She ſaw a cart ſlowly advancing towards her; the horſe was led by a ſoldier; ſhe feared, from the ſlow movement of the horſe, that the cart contained ſome unfortunate wounded ſoldier.

To avoid the painful ſenſations the ſufferings of a fellow creature would excite, to whom ſhe could give no aſſiſtance, ſhe turned into a field, croſſed it, and took a circuitous walk round the next, hoping the cart would be out of ſight before ſhe returned. On entering the houſe, ſhe enquired if Mrs. Arlington was up, being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe went to her room; not finding her there, ſhe was going to her own chamber, when the moſt diſtreſſing groan ſtruck her ear!—ſhe ſtopped—each groan was ſucceeded by one more terrible—In an inſtant the door of the chamber from whence they proceeded opened, and Mrs. Arlington came out

"My dear Madam, what is the matter?"

"Oh, my dear Miſs Morley, do come in! here is a beautiful young officer who was wounded in the night; and what is ſtill more dreadful—he is an Engliſhman! I fear his wounds are mortal!"

As Mrs. Arlington ſpoke, ſhe could not reſtrain the tears which flowed abundantly down her cheeks. Celina unwilling to witneſs a ſcene ſo dreadful, drew back; but Mrs. Arlington took her hand and led her to the bed on which lay the wounded ſol-

dier.—She looked on him, then uttered a piercing ſhriek!—it was *Henry Guraville!*—ſhe ſupported her head on Mrs. Arlington's boſom, which ſhe bedewed with tears of the pureſt ſorrow that ever flowed from a friendly eye; and uttered ſighs of the tendereſt commiſeration that ever burſt from a breaſt of ſenſibility.

"Oh, my Henry!" ſaid ſhe, ſinking on her knees by the bed-ſide, "in what a ſituation do I behold you!—little did I think of meeting you here! and much leſs in this dreadful ſtate!"

He was unable to ſpeak, but his eyes were fixed on Celina, and his countenance expreſſed ſurprize, joy, and tenderneſs; he took her hand, preſſed it gently to his lips, then laid his cheek on it.

The ſurgeons, for there were two, having ſet his leg, and dreſſed the wound in his ſide, from which every danger was apprehended, adminiſtered a cordial draught, and then ordered that every perſon, except Weldon, ſhould leave the room. Celina attempted to obey the order, but Henry held faſt her hand, nor could he be prevailed on to quit his hold. The ſurgeons obſerving the effect the ſight of

her had on their patient, thought that her preſence might aſſiſt in preſerving his ſpirits, and tranquilizing his mind.

Weldon was no leſs happy, than ſurpriſed at thus meeting Miſs Morley; he was well acquainted with his maſter's ſentiments towards her, and knew that if it was poſſible for him to recover, her preſence would much accelerate it.

Mrs. Arlington ſent Celina ſome breakfaſt; ſhe could not eat; but as ſorrow is ever dry, the baſon of tea was acceptable. Henry received much benefit from a ſhort ſleep, and in a few hours was able to ſpeak.

"To what, my Celina, do I owe this unlooked for happineſs? What ſtrange, though fortunate circumſtance, has brought you here? I dare not hope that friendſhip for Henry was your inducement."

"No, my friend, your being on the continent was wholly unknown to me. No longer ago than this morning, when reflecting on the dreadful ſcene I yeſterday witneſſed from the camp ground, I felt happy in ſuppoſing you were ſafe within the fortreſs of Gibralter."

"Am I then ſo bleſſed as ſtill to hold a

place in Celina's friendſhip? Can my ſafety or welfare be a matter of importance to her happineſs?"

"Why, Henry, do you aſk the queſtion? Have I ever given you cauſe to ſuſpect the ſincerity of my friendſhip? Have I not ever evinced a lively intereſt in all that concerns you?"

"Did you ever, Celina, receive a letter from me, dated in London?—No, when were you there?"—Henry deſired Weldon to take from his pocket-book a paper, which he put into Celina's hand.

There is a copy of the letter I addreſſed to you from London; the pleaſing hope I had indulged of paying you a viſit in Devonſhire was unhappily fruſtrated; on the point of leaving England, uncertain whether I ſhould ever return! whether I ſhould ever again ſee my Celina! I reſolved to eaſe my oppreſſed heart, by openly avowing to her my ſentiments and feelings.

"I will not attempt to deſcribe to you the cruel ſtate of ſuſpence I have long endured—Frequently have I peruſed this paper, to diſcover if any part of it could poſſibly have excited your diſpleaſure; as I felt aſſured your

generous heart would not otherwiſe have denied me an anſwer!—Read it, nay, I conjure you Celina, and confirm for ever my happineſs or miſery."

Celina was much embarraſſed and affected. ſhe took the letter, and while ſhe peruſed it, Henry anxiouſly watched every varied feature of her countenance; when ſhe had concluded, he held out his hand; ſhe gave him her's —He looked tenderly.

"What, my Celina, am I to hope?"

"Every *thing!*" anſwered Celina.

"Then I ſhall die in peace; if theſe cruel wounds prove mortal, my laſt moments will be rendered happy by your ſoothing tenderneſs! and my mind is tranſported with the thought, that ſhould it pleaſe the divine hand which directed the ball, to recover me from its painful effects, your affections will be mine for life."

"I fear, Henry," ſaid Celina (unable longer to ſupport a converſation ſo diſtreſſing to her feelings) "that you will exert yourſelf too much—If you will be compoſed, I will relate the ſevere trials I have undergone ſince I left Lutherdale Hall."

She then minutely detailed the principal

occurrences of each day, ſuppreſſing only what related to Edward, not from a wiſh to deceive Henry did ſhe this, but from principles of humanity. If the idea that he poſſeſſed her affections would conduce to his recovery, and reſtore him to the world and his friends, the deceit was juſtifiable, particularly as the doubt or fear of not poſſeſſing them was not the cauſe of his illneſs, though probably the knowledge of it then would, in conjunction with his preſent ſufferings, act too forcibly againſt his life. Thus reaſoning did Celina reconcile to herſelf the duplicity with which ſhe acted towards Henry; had ſhe never ſeen Edward, probably he would have been the only man on earth her heart would have choſen; but her election was made, though not before ſhe knew him, yet before ſhe had any reaſon to imagine he felt towards her any ſentiments warmer than friendſhip and eſteem. She ſaw in Henry every virtue that Edward poſſeſſed—the ſame *noble, manly* ſentiments that actuated the one, ſhone forth in the other; nor were Henry's perſonal accompliſhments, though of a different caſt, leſs attractive; and till a very ſhort time before her marriage, ſhe felt that they were the twin friends of her ſoul.

Henry expreſſed a deep concern for the death of her father, but bleſſed the hour in which ſhe conſented to join company with Mrs. Arlington.

In the evening the ſurgeons again viſited him; they found his fever much increaſed, and begged that great care and attention might be paid in adminiſtering his draughts.

Celina did not leave his chamber the whole night, during which ſhe frequently was alarmed by ſeveral ſhort fits of delirium, in which he inceſſantly called on her.

The ſurgeons came again the next morning, and with them the General, who, when he ſaw the doubtful ſtate of his young friend, his heart's ſoft tear dimmed each eye—they did more, they ſtole down his cheek, and formed a lucid tract for many others that followed, and would not be ſtaid!—He turned towards Celina, who was ſilently bleſſing him for the tender regard he evinced for Henry.

"To fly," ſaid the general, "from the face of an enemy is a ſtain which no ſoldier can wipe off, but to weep for a friend cannot reflect diſgrace on the character of the greateſt hero—and that Captain Guraville is one of my deareſt friends, theſe tears witneſs."

After a ſilence of ſome minutes, he again reſumed.

"I hope Madam, you will not deem it impertinent curioſity, if I aſk whether your name be Guraville? for I have heard my friend ſpeak of a ſiſter he had on the Continent."

"No, Sir, my name is Morley, but I have the pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with Miſs Guraville."

"You are the young lady, I preſume, who was with poor Mrs. Guraville when she died."

"Yes, Sir, and ſince then I have been to Naples, where I had the misfortune to bury another friend; from thence I went to Rotterdam to my father, whoſe death I now mourn! and I fear——

"I fear ſo too," ſaid the general, who well knew what she feared, though she could not articulate it. His heart was oppreſſed by the ſame, and without hope left the room.

Celina continued to watch by the bed-ſide of Henry, till Mrs. Arlington and Weldon were alarmed for her health. The ſurgeons too cautioned her to take care of herſelf,

and guard againſt the effects of fatigue and long watching, by taking a little reſt.

The general was conſtant in his viſits; he felt a ſatisfaction in being near his friend, though Henry was at times inſenſible of the kindneſs.

In the manners and converſation of Celina he found much to admire, and more to amuſe; in the courſe of many tete-a-tetes, she related to the general the various viciſſitudes of her life, ſuppreſſing, as before, all that related to Edward.

Henry grew hourly worſe; the ſurgeons had not the moſt diſtant hope of his recovery, his death they thought was inevitable. For two days he lay inſenſible to all around him; on the third day, and the ſeventh from that on which he was wounded, he awoke from his ſtupor, called for Celina; she was by his ſide, and the general near her.

"I am going, my love! the Almighty ſees fit to call me from this world. I grieve to leave you an *orphan* and a *wanderer!* Had it pleaſed heaven to have ſpared my life, I would have been your guardian—your protector!—the lawful claim of huſband should have given me the right of watching over

you with tender care!—*but* it *muſt not* be!—Do not weep, my Celina, at my fate—your goodneſs—your virtues—claim friends go where you may, but if you comply with the laſt wishes of your dying—husband! I would ſay, for ſo I *am* in *wiſh* and *thought*, you will, as ſoon as poſſible, return to England to my dear Eliza; and when Mary returns, reſide altogether at Lutherdale Hall; share it amongſt you—my *heart* gives you the largeſt part, yet I would not wrong my beloved ſiſters, but you Celina, are *dearer* to me than *all* the *world*!"

Here he ceaſed, overpowered with the exertion of ſpeaking, and the tender ſubject that engaged his thoughts. Celina was unable to anſwer—his death-like look—the tender manner in which he addreſſed her—the dear friends he brought to her recollection, all too forcibly affected her, ſhe ſunk on her knees, and hid her face in the bed clothes.

Henry again rouſed her by calling her in a ſudden and ſtrong tone. He held out his hand; ſhe took, and affectionately preſſed it.

"My Henry," ſaid ſhe, "what do you want?"

" I am going, my love! kiſs me ere I am gone." She did ſo, which he fervently returned.

" Is there," ſaid Celina, in a faultering voice, " no one elſe you wiſh to ſpeak to?"

" Yes; if the general were here, I ſhould like to ſhake his friendly hand; and my faithful friend Weldon, his kind affectionate heart will break to loſe me."

The general appeared, Henry held out one hand, the other was faſt locked in Celina's

" My ſecond father," ſaid Henry, " accept my laſt grateful thanks for all your kind attentions; may heaven ſhower bleſſings on you, equal to your deſerts; but in this world it is not always the lot of the virtuous to be happy. O, my friend! had I lived, you would have led me on to glory; butI am fallen the firſt, and no victory to crown my death! Had I lived to have taken an active part in one brave engagement; could I have opened my dying eyes and ears to ſounds of glorious victory! then ſhould I have yielded my laſt breath without one reluctant ſigh."

The general was wounded to the ſoul—he preſſed Henry's hand with affectio nate ardour; his face diſtorted by grief, and each

nerve was writhed with agony! groans rent his boſom, and his manly heart ſwelled with tides of ſorrow. The ſurgeons adviſed him to leave the room, and compoſe himſelf. Weldon ſtood a weeping ſtatue, nor dared to ſhew himſelf, leſt his grief ſhould become ungovernable; till his maſter aſked for ſomething to drink, when he took it, "Weldon," ſaid Henry, "you will ſoon loſe your maſter! I am going, from whence I never ſhall return."

"I hope not, Sir," ſaid Weldon.

"There is no hope, Weldon; I *muſt* go! do not ſeek another maſter, return to Lutherdale Hall, and aſſiſt Woodman in the management of the eſtate; he is growing old and ſtands in need of an active aſſiſtant; take care of my ſiſters and Miſs Morley; look on her as my widow! Had I lived, in a few weeks ſhe would have been my wife. Give me your hand—tell Woodman I thought of him, ſpoke of him, and eſſed him in my laſt hour!"

He lay ſilent for ſome time, and ſhewed no other ſigns of life than now and then preſſing Celina's hand, which he ſtill held in his.

The general, after converſing with Captain and Mrs. Arlington (to whom he declar

ed, he never before was preſent at ſo melancholy a ſcene, nor ever attended the ſick-bed of a friend, for whom he felt ſo great an affection) was ſomewhat compoſed, and entered Henry's chamber again a few minutes before he breathed his laſt—all was ſtill—not a word was ſpoke, not a breath heard—the tears ran ſilently, though quickly, down the cheeks of Celina and Weldon, while every faculty was abſorbed in profound grief.

Celina ſoon felt an icy coldneſs in his hands, and the dew of death ſtood thick on his beauteous face!

"It is over," cried Celina, "he is gone!—my beloved Henry is for ever gone!—Oh, my God! for what other trials and diſtreſſes doſt thou yet reſerve me?—Death has nearly done his worſt; few are the friends he has left me, and thoſe few, where are they? Oh, wretched—forlorn Celina!—to bury four dear friends in leſs than twelve months is too much—aud all—all have died in my arms. Oh, my Henry, are you really gone? Alas! yes—you are happily inſenſible to the grief of your friends! How ſhall I relate the mournful tale to my dear Mary and Eliza, if ever we meet again; to Lord Winington and

Mr. Hill—thoſe dear friends, alas! what happineſs have I experienced in their ſociety!—happineſs, ſuch as I ſhall never taſte again!—Deprived of my only parent!—of three friends moſt dear to me!—I am now left alone in a ſtrange land, wretched and unprotected!—on heaven alone do I depend for conſolation and ſupport."

The weight of her ſorrows overcame her, ſhe laid her face on Henry, and remained ſilent, till the general and Mrs. Arlington led her from the room—She threw herſelf on the ſofa, and indulged in ſilent grief.

The Surgeon made her a viſit at the general's deſire, and found an alarming fever approaching, the conſequence of many night's watching, the conſtant diſtreſs of her mind, and the weak ſtate ſhe was in when ſhe arrived at Bouchain.

Mrs. Arlington paid her every attention in her power, and ſaw that the nurſe executed her office with tenderneſs: the general was unremitting in his attention, and anxious that nothing ſhould be omitted that poſſibly could accelerate her recovery,

Celina begged to be informed when Henry was to be interred, and expreſſed a

wiſh to ſee him once more. On the morning ſhe aroſe and walked, or rather tottered to the chamber, where ſhe imprinted a laſt kiſs on his once lovely lips, and ſighed a long farewell; ſhe then returned to her apartment, where ſhe ſaw from her window the funeral proceſſion. The coffin dreſſed with his ſword, gloves, and gorget—his brother officers following with ſolemn pace, and ſtreaming eyes. She heard the muffled drum, and dead march! all which rent her heart, and heightened her malady.

For ſeveral days the fever appeared obſtinate, but the indefatigable perſeverance of the ſurgeon, and her attendants, at laſt proved effectual. She regained her ſtrength, but a deep melancholy ſettled on her mind —the roſe returned not to her cheek—a clear tranſparent paleneſs uſurped its place —a gloom ſhaded all her features—the bright beauties of her countenance were fled, but the pale languor that ſucceeded, and the ſoft ſorrowing eye, ſpoke the miſeries of her ſoul! and excited an intereſting pity in every compaſſionate breaſt!

Weldon requeſted to ſee Miſs Morley as ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently recovered to

ſpeak to him. When he entered the room, each felt their utterance impeded, and a flood of tears was the ſalutation of both.

After ſome painful ſtruggles, Weldon articulated, "I am happy, Madam, to ſee you ſo much recovered."

"I thank you, Weldon, I hope you are well."

"In health, Madam, quite, but my heart is not at eaſe, nor will it be be while I remain here. I take the liberty of aſking, if, when you are able to travel, you go to England from hence? If you do, I will wait your pleaſure; if not, I wiſh to leave this place as ſoon as poſſible—all my remaining peace lays within the walls of Lutherdale Hall."

"It is my intention to return to Naples for a few weeks, and while I remain on the Continent, I ſhall make all the enquiry in my power for Miſs Guraville, and if poſſible return to England with her; be that as it may, I hope to be there in the courſe of four months. I will ſend by you letters for Mrs. Bouvrie and my dear Eliza.—To Woodman, ſay every thing that is kind from me; tell him I have been the ſport of

fortune from my very birth, but cruelly ſo ſince I left England."

"I hope to leave this place in a few days, for here I can never recover a calm ſerenity of mind; every object brings too ſtrongly to my recollection our recent misfortune, and my ſorrows flow afreſh."

"I will not then, Madam, think of leaving this place till I have ſeen you ſafe off."

On the fifth day from this Celina left Bouchain, though much againſt the wiſh of Mrs. Arlington and the General; the former having given up all thoughts of going to Italy, made a proper apology to Celina for changing her mind, which was only conformable to the wiſhes of her huſband.

CHAP. V.

Though grave yet trifling; zealous; yet untrue;
And e'en in penance, planning ſins anew.
GOLDSMITH.

CELINA took the neareſt road through Leige, Ax la Chapelle, and Tullier, to Cologne, from thence up the Rhine to Mayane; then took her old road over the Tyrol, nor ſtopped to reſt one day till ſhe arrived at Rome. Finding herſelf extremely unwell, ſhe thought it adviſable to remain there a week or two, took apartments in the Corſe, and the ſame evening wrote a long, but melancholy letter to the Princeſs Zanqui, ſaying, ſhe promiſed herſelf the happineſs of ſeeing her in two or three weeks.

On the ſecond morning of her reſidence in the Corſo, ſhe heard a great noiſe and buſtle in the ſtreet, but could not diſcover the cauſe, though ſhe ſaw a great multitude of people. On calling on the ſervant who attended her, ſhe was informed a man was going to receive the puniſhment of la Corde.

"For what? What has he done?"

"I hardly know, Signora, but I believe he drove his carriage againſt a Cardinal's."

"And is *that all he has been* guilty of?"

"It is enough, Signora."

She then ſaw a wheel fixed perpendicularly on the top of a high pole, a grove was made round the wheel like that of a pully, through which the end of a rope was put; the other end tied round the man's wriſts, his hands being firſt placed behind him, and the back of them drawn together.

By theſe he was ſuſpended at the end of the rope, to the height of forty or fifty yards, then let down to the ground, and drawn up again with great velocity three ſeveral times.

Celina looked on the unhappy criminal, or rather victim, for ſhe could not think

what he had done amounted to a crime, with pity, and ſincerely lamented her want of power to releaſe him; when the ceremony previous to the puniſhment was adjuſted, ſhe retired to an interior room to avoid hearing the cries of the wretched ſufferer; but what ſhe had ſeen threw a damp on her ſpirits for the remainder of the day.

She found reſt and quiet the beſt remedy; ſhort walks in the evening and morning conduced much to her recovery, and as her ſtrength increaſed ſhe lengthened them.

In the gardens of the Villa Borgheſia ſhe ſpent many hour, and there met with an elderly Italian lady, with whom ſhe formed an acquaintance, and with her ſhe frequently ſpent her evenings.

As Celina was returning one evening rather later than uſual, in paſſing through a gateway, under part of the Palazzo de Colona, ſhe ſaw a female on her knees, praying moſt fervently to a painting of the Madona, rudely daubed on the bricks.

Every faculty of the wretched ſupliant was entirely engroſſed by her ſufferings, and ſo earneſtly did ſhe offer up her prayers

to the holy Virgin, that ſhe heard not Celina's ſteps. The ſight awakened her pity, and rouſed her curioſity, ſhe ſtopped.

Fate me queſto favora Santa Maria, repeated the woman, and ſtruck her boſom.

By the help of a feeble lamp that burned under the miſerable painting of the Madona, Celina traced the ſhiney track the tear of woe had left on her palid cheek, and lay like a tranſparent gem on the dimpled hand of the lovely ſleeping cherub that hung on her breaſt—another ſtood trembling in each eye—her boſom heaved with heart rending ſighs, and her ſoul ſeemed ſinking under ſome dreadful calamity.

" And what is the favour you aſk of the mother of God?" ſaid Celina, in tender ſoul ſoothing accents

" Jeſu, Maria!" exclaimed the woman, ſtarting, and turning round on one knee. Celina again repeated her queſtion.

" Ah Signora Foreſtiere perche voir demande?" for ſhe immediately diſcovered by her pronunciation of the Italian, that ſhe was not a native ; " Do you with to aſſiſt me? or do you only ſeek for amuſement in hearing my ſtory?

" The Madona is the only friend I have left, and to her I repoſe my diſtreſſes, and aſk relief; my earthly friends all fled when my dear Marcus died."

" But my good woman, the Madona ſeems rather tardy in ſending you relief; if it is in the power of mortals to affiſt you, I will do all in mine to aleviate your ſufferings.—" Tell me your wants?"

" Ah! Jeſu, Maria! you are an holy ſpirit, the bleſſed Virgin ſent you to my relief."

" I believe the bleſſed Virgin has nothing to do with it," returned Celina, " but be brief, tell me how I can ſerve you—the night is coming on, and I am alone."

" The holy Virgin protect you," ſhe replied, " Ah me! a Signora, my ſtory is ſhort, but tragic. O ſan Franciſco de padua. O! mea merito!"—Here tears choaked her utterance, and her whole frame was convulſed. Celina took her ſalts from her pocket, and the poor ſufferer ſoon recovered.

She then told her little tale: " My huſband procured an honeſt and comfortable living by driving a calaſh; I was truly hap-

py with my Marcus till laſt holy Thurſday, O fatal day! he was ordered by his maſter to drive a coach with a company of Engliſh to Saint Peter's; he received his orders to drive as faſt as poſſible, leſt they ſhould loſe any of the ceremony; in his haſte he joſtled the wheel of his coach againſt that of the Cardinal de Ufrca, which frightened his horſes, and they ran away, but were ſoon ſtopped without doing any damage.

"The Cardinal learned who my huſband was, and two days after he was taken up by the police;—he was confined in priſon for ſome weeks—he then was brought to trial, and condemned to the Corde.

"I uſed all the little intereſt in my power, but in vain—he ſuffered the puniſhment, which broke his elbow joints, and diſlocated his ſhoulders; the fear and terror he was in before the puniſhment, and the pain it inflicted on him, brought on a fever, of which he died five days after."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Celina, "Where did he ſuffer?"

"In the Carſo, Signora.

"It ertainly is the ſame poor ſoul I ſaw

tied up.—Heaven protect me from such injustice! sighed Celina. Well, my friend, and did no one commiserate your hard fate?"

"Aimi! povero me! Signora; I applied at the gates of the convents for a share of the soup and bread they daily give away, but they all knew the magnitude of the crime for which my husband suffered; it is worse than sacrilege or murder to endanger the the life of a Cardinal, and I was sent unrelieved from each Convent; my former acquaintance have turned their backs on me and my infant."

"Here is a ten pauoli piece," said Celina, taking one from her pocket, "go home and get yourself a comfortable supper; come to me to-morrow at five in the afternoon: I lodge with Abbe Benefico, in the Corso."

The woman received the money with eager joy, and after many times repeating Deo si benedicto, she walked hastily away to appease the long ungratified cravings of nature.

Celina remained for some minutes immovable—every faculty was suspended—

numerous ideas crowded on her mind, and her boſom ſtruggled with various emotions.

"My God!" ſaid ſhe, "is it poſſible, that in a city whoſe government is in the hands of men bred up in the boſom of religion, there can be ſuch inhumanity!—ſuch cruelty!—ſuch barbarous puniſhments for no crime!—What is a Cardinal?"

A man, ſaid a low hollow voice, at the ſame inſtant a large hot hand ſeized her left arm, and graſped it with great violence.

She was petrified with horror, nor had ſhe the power of crying out; ſhe ſaw only a ſhadow againſt the wall, which her fright magnified to the ſize of a monſter; her ſtrength began to fail, ſhe drew her breath ſhort, and was nearly ſunk in his arms, when the well known voice of Father Gaſper recalled her ſcattered ſenſes.

This man had frequently, at the Prince Zanqui's (though indirectly) pleaded to Celina in favour of the Marcheſe Spignitori; had warmly urged the honour reflected on that lady, who was the object of his admiration and love; and he was the perſon who delivered his letter to her on the morning ſhe left Naples.

"Be not alarmed, Signora, I mean you no harm," said the ghostly father, in the tendereſt accents he could aſſume, "you know my errand; you well know whoſe cauſe I mean to plead. The Marcheſe is in Rome, to which place he came immediately on hearing from the Princeſs Zanqui that you were here—He waits with the utmoſt impatience for your compliance—his offers are liberal—he poſſeſſes a generoſity bordering on extravagance, and his fortune is amply ſufficient to indulge his great and amiable propenſities of giving.———Your beauty has inſpired him with a paſſion as permanent as it is ardent, and he ſighs for the completion of his wiſhes.

"A lover ſo rich, noble, and gallant, no woman can withſtand—many of our noble Signora's have in vain endeavoured to captivate him; long have they ſought to bind him their ſlave; but that conqueſt was reſerved for you, and you ungratefully deſpiſe the noble victim. The unconquerable and generous paſſion he feels for you, which conſumes him hourly, is ſo reſiſtleſs and violent, that the Princeſs Santelmi deplores its effects."

"Father," ſaid Celina, "can you—dare you!—call that paſſion generous which ſeeks the ruin of its object? it may be accepted by thoſe women who prefer riches to every good; but be aſſured, from me it will ever meet my contempt and diſdain!—Trouble yourſelf no farther on this embaſſy—It is an *honourable* appointment for one of *your ſacred* character."

"It was to ſave his life I undertook this journey. I was ſitting with the Princeſs Santelini when ſhe received the letter, in which he declined the honor of attending her as Cavalier;—ſhe was exaſperated to a degree of madneſs—ſhe raved with all the frenzy of a Neapolitan devil, and has actually engaged ſome Lazaroni to ſtiletto him.

"Being acquainted with her vindictive ſpirit, I watched her movements, and fled after the Marcheſe, to guard his life, and alſo to prevail on you to accept and return his love. His virtues entitle him to be eminently happy, and it is in your power alone to make him happy.

"Fly, fly with me cara, mia nagazza, and preſerve the life of a man who lives

but for you." As he pronounced this laſt ſentence, he pulled her by the arm, which he had held during this virtuous harangue.

Celina, whoſe tremour had, in ſome degree ſubſided, reſiſted his attempts to move her.—"Where would you take me father?"

"To the Marcheſe."

"Wretch! ſtand off, or by my cries, I will bring the city about you."

"Then permit him to viſit you."

"I will do neither." replied Celina, with great animation and diſdain.

He then took her in his arms, to carry her to the Marcheſe's carriage, which ſtood at the end of the ſtreet, when her ſcreams brought two of the domeſtics from the palace.

At the ſight of the people Father Gaſper fled.

She told her tale to them, at leaſt ſo much of it as was neceſſary for them to know.

They conducted her home to the good Abbe, in whoſe houſe ſhe lodged; to him ſhe related what had happened; he was extremely concerned, and with her agreed,

that the ſooner ſhe left Rome the better. He undertook to order a carriage and horſes the next morning.

She roſe early to pack up her few cloathes, ſettle with the Abbe, and write an apology to Signora Baneti for her ſudden departure.

Abbe Beneficio returned much perplexed; for, but at one place could he engage a carriage, and that could not be ready till the afternoon, which he thought too late to begin her journey; but Celina, impatient to leave Rome, determined to ſet off whenever the carriage could be got ready, that ſhe would go as far as Albano that night, and continue her journey early in the morning.

All things being ready, Celina left Rome with only the good wiſhes of the Abbe Beneficio to attend her.

The evening was fine, but Celina ſaw it not; ſhe was ſunk in one corner of the carriage, buried in her own melancholy reflection; when a little more than a mile from Albano, the carriage was ſtopped by ſeveral men, who led the horſes down a narrow road, notwithſtanding the driver made all the reſiſtance in his power.

They put Celina into another carriage, which was waiting; then bound the driver and ſhut him up in his own, which one of the men drove; they took a winding road of ſome miles in length, and at laſt ſtopped at a large houſe. The night was too dark for Celina to make any obſervations on its ſituation, yet ſhe was well perſuaded they were not far from the place they firſt ſtopped her, having watched the courſe of the road as long as the light would permit.

When ſhe had a little recovered from the terror ſhe had been thrown into, by being forcibly removed from her carriage, ſhe aſked the man who was with her, By what authority he thus ſeized her perſon? to which he anſwered by a ſhrug of the ſhoulders. She alſo put ſeveral other queſtions to him, which were anſwered in the ſame manner.

She was lifted out of the carriage, and carried through two large elegant rooms, into a ſimilar one, but not leſs ſuperb. The men withdrew and ſhut the door; ſhe ſat down, endeavouring as much as poſſible to compoſe her fluttered ſpirits, to await her

fate; before she had well collected her thoughts to any particular object, the door opened.

The Marchese Spignitori entered with a sullen haughty step; she rose and curtsyed as haughtily—He bowed.

"I am sorry, Miss Morley," said he, "that you have obliged me to take this step to gain you to my purpose.

"I am *as* sorry, Sir, that you have given yourself so much trouble; nor are you one step nearer your wishes."

"You surely are not so blind to your future good as to reject my offers?"

"I do reject them with indignation! and that future *good can* arise out of present infamy, all your sophistry cannot convince me."

"Infamy! Can the love and protection of a man of my rank be termed infamy?"

"Signor, you miscall it, the passion you pretend to feel for me merits not that divine epithet! It is a passion of the basest nature, and you have taken means the most base to gratify it."

"You may, Madam, perhaps ere long repent this haughty behaviour; remember you are now in my power."

"I am, it is true, your priſoner, but I do not feel myſelf in your power.—There is one yet greater than you that I look up to for protection, and I fear you not."

The Marcheſe finding that auſterities and threats would not awe or intimidate, he ſoftened his tone, and aſſumed the whining lover, but to no better effect.

After liſtening in ſilence to his ſoft tales, and tender vows, untill her patience was exhauſted: "It is in vain, Signor," ſaid Celina, "that you aſſume the haughty tyrant, and the ſupplicating lover. I am firm, nor can your threats or entreaties move me."

"Time will prove," ſaid he, then ringing the bell, he ordered ſupper, which was immediately brought in.

Celina would not taſte any thing but a few grapes; nor could he prevail on her to take a glaſs of wine.

Soon after ſupper he begged to conduct her to her chamber: "You, no doubt, are in need of it."

"If you would wiſh me to reſt, put me in my carriage, and let me purſue my journey. Think you I can ever reſt under this deteſtable roof?"

"Yes, I truſt many happy nights."

He then led her back through the ſaloon, up a beautiful flight of ſtone ſtairs, the rails of which were richly gilt, along two long galleries, to a large room hung with blue velvet, and a gold border; the chairs the ſame, with gold fringe; the bedſtead covered with a blue gauze Zanzalier, fringed like the chairs.

When they came to the door, he took the lamp from an old domeſtic, the ſame that waited at table, and the only one Celina ſaw, and led her in.

"This, Madam," ſaid he, as he ſet it down on the table, "is your apartment; there," pointing to a door, "is a ſmaller room you may retire to, while the ſervant is doing the neceſſary offices of this—there are ſome books to amuſe you; the length of your confinement reſts with yourſelf—but till your conſent to my wiſhes you paſs not this door."

"Then, be this room my tomb! for never, while I have life, will I conſent."

He bowed, ſhut the door, and locked it.

Celina examined her apartment, and alſo the other room, but ſhe could diſcover no ſecret door or frightful apperture, and

ſhe found there was a night bolt, by which ſhe could prevent any perſon from entering; ſhe let it down, and then prepared to undreſs, for ſhe felt the fatigues of the day, and the exertion of her ſpirits required ſome repoſe..

Sleep ſoon kindly interpoſed between her and her ſorrows, and led her through ſcenes of delight to her Edward's arms.

The ſun had reached half its meridian height before ſhe awoke; ſoon after ſhe was dreſſed, the old man knocked at her door, to which ſhe anſwered; he entered with coffee—Pity and kindneſs beamed in his countenance.

"Think you, my friend," ſaid Celina, "that I may with ſafety drink this coffee? The man who forcibly takes away my liberty, would not heſitate to take away my life!"

"O! Signora," ſaid the old man, croſsing his hand on his breaſt, "there is no danger, I made it myſelf, and I call the holy Virgin to witneſs, that I would not hurt you!"—He then withdrew.

About two hours afterwards, the Marcheſe entered—He approached her with reſpect.—She averted her head.

" May I hope, Miſs Morley, you have made a decree in my favour. Suffer me not to waſte my hours in vain ſolicitation, and my health and ſpirits in hopeleſs love; be kind to my wiſhes, and every enjoyment that riches and power can procure ſhall be your's."

" The decree I have made is unalterable—wound my ears no more Signor, I beg, by your inſulting propoſals.

" Know that an Engliſh woman, whoſe heart has been trained up from her infancy, in the paths of rectitude and virtue, who has ever had before her eyes the bright example of virtuous parents and friends, is not to be ſeduced by the glare of magnificence and power—nor will ſhe barter her honor for riches or pleaſures. You know my mind, ſo trouble me no more with your importunity."

Her haughty look, and the commanding tone of voice in which ſhe ſpoke, awed him into ſilence, and he left the room.

Celina ſaw no other perſon than the old man for the remainder of the day.

The next morning ſhe was honoured by a viſit from the Ducheſs of Monterbi.

Celina was ſurpriſed at the entrance of a female, and of ſome diſtinction ſhe judged from her dreſs.

She aroſe from her chair: "Keep your ſeat Signora," ſaid the Ducheſs, taking a chair, which ſhe drew near Celina.

"I am come, Signora, to plead the cauſe of my ſon."—Celina looked aſtoniſhed!

"I am ſorry, Madam, that is your errand, as I can aſſure you it will prove unſucceſsful."

"I hope not—there is a ſtrange faſtidiouſneſs in the manners and opinions of you Engliſh ladies; you term thoſe acts crimes which are in fact mere indulgences, and to which criminality cannot poſſibly be attached."

"Under the protection of my ſon no misfortune can poſſibly reach you, and happineſs will be your own."

"Your ideas, Madam, of innocence and happineſs differ very widely from mine. I have been taught to believe, that happineſs attends only good actions; that miſery and remorſe are the never failing companions of proſtitution and infamy: And tho' you, and your ſon, dreſs the connexion he wiſhes to form with me in fair co-

lours, and dignify it by the name of friendſhip, protection, and ſuch falſe epithets; it is in fact, only a ſtate of proſtitution you with to draw me into!"

I do entreat, Madam, that neither you, nor the Marcheſe, ever intrude on me the odious ſubject again—it is an inſult my heart cannot bear! and my ſoul holds in deteſtation thoſe by whom it is offered!"

"You talk high child, but you will ſoon find, that virtue, deſtitute of riches and power, is not held in much eſtimation, even in your iſland of purity; while titled vice, as you call it, commands the bow of ſubmiſſion from the paſſing crowd."

"You never, Madam, can make me a proſelyte to your opinions, and I truſt that virtuous ſpirit which ſupports me under this cruel detention of my perſon, raiſes me as far ſuperior to you, in the eſtimation of every noble mind, as your riches places you above me, in the opinion of ſordid wretches, like yourſelf, who would exchange every virtue for ſenſual pleaſure, or gold to purchaſe them."

"Know you young lady what you refuſe?"

"Yes; I reject the dishonourable love of a man whose high rank in life is sullied by the basest of actions—and I despise the entreaties of a woman who is a *disgrace* to her *sex!* in whose breast every tender, delicate, and noble sentiment, that dignifies the female and the Christian is extinct; none remains but the shameful desire of indulging her son in every criminal and illicit pleasure. Be assured all your arts are vain; your counsels and advice would shine in the great Pandemonium—but I am firm to my purpose, and dare defy gilded machinations."

"Child!" replied the Duchess with a menacing countenance, "this haughtiness ill becomes you; few, situated as you are, would have the temerity to *refuse* such offered honours; you *know not* my power, nor how dangerous it is thus to *insult* a person of my rank!"

"Insult not me then, Madam; when a woman stoops from her boasted rank, to assist with all her arts, the ruin of an helpless female, she deserves the bitterest invectives, and the severest epithets! no situation, however elevated, can have the

leaſt claim to honor whilſt meditating a vile action.

"Were my *King*, whom I hold as the worthieſt and moſt exalted character in Europe, to make me a ſimilar offer, I would reject it with abhorrence!—The wedded love of his groom would be far more honourable!"

"Well, I ſhall leave you to reflect on what has paſt, and truſt that ere to-morrow you will abjure ſuch baſe-born, plebean principles! I will accept even then of your recantation, and treat you with that kindneſs the woman deſerves on whom my ſon has placed his affections."

As the Ducheſs was locking the door of Celina's apartment, her daughter, Clementina, came along the gallery.

"I thought, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I heard ſome perſon converſing very loud in that chamber, Was it you?

"It was; is it any thing extraordinary to ſpeak loud to the domeſtics, if they diſpleaſe you?"

"No, indeed, Madam, it is not; but in this uninhabited part of the caſtle it did ſurpriſe me to hear talking."

"And why are you ſtrolling near theſe apartments? What are you in the ſearch of?"

"Nothing, Madam; I was in the chapel dreſſing the altar with flowers, when Giovano came to tell Abbe Giatano, that there was a great number of horſemen and dogs chaſing a wild boar which was within ſight, having left the woods. I ran through this gallery, being the neareſt way to the weſt tower, and am now returning to the chapel to finiſh decorating the altar."

The Ducheſs was ſatisfied, and returned to her dreſſing room, to inform her ſon of her ſucceſs, but Clementina was by no means reconciled to what ſhe had heard in the weſt gallery.

It diſturbed her ſo much that ſhe could not place the flowers to her mind, but ſat down to ruminate on, and develope, if ſhe could, why her mother ſhould viſit thoſe chambers that were never uſed, and locked the door with ſuch care.

While ſhe ſat ſupporting her head on her hand, an old domeſtic entered the chapel, to offer up his accuſtomed prayers to his favourite ſaint; but ſeeing his young

lady in that penſive poſture, he enquired if ſhe was well.

" Yes, Bernardo, I am well, I thank you; but I am diſturbed—I am unhappy."

" Heavens defend us," cried Bernardo, croſſing himſelf, " what has diſturbed you? I hope all the venerable excellencies that lie buried here reſt in peace?"

" Yes, no doubt," ſaid Clementina, " it is the actions of the living that trouble me."

" Ha! Santa Maria! pray for our ſins," ſaid Bernardo.

" Do you know, Bernardo," ſaid Clementina, laying hold of his arm (for by this time fear, or ſome other impulſe, had drawn him cloſe to her), " Do you know what, or who is in the blue velvet room, in the weſt gallery?"

Bernardo ſtarted, and ſhook his head.

" You *do know* Bernardo," ſaid Clementina, " then pray tell me, I beg of you. As I paſſed along the gallery I heard voices in that room which frightened me very much, and I ſaw my mother come out."

Bernardo ſighed, croſſed himſelf again, and called on the Virgin—ſighed heavily.

" I will know, Bernardo, and if you will not tell me, I will go and knock at the door."

" Well Signora, if you will promiſe not to tell the Marcheſe."

" Indeed, Bernardo, I will not tell any body," interrupted Clementina.

" Why, Signora, it is a young Engliſh lady that the Marcheſe ſtole from Rome, and brought her here the night before laſt; ſhe will not conſent to love him, and he means to keep her ſhut up till ſhe will, I believe—San Franciſco defend us!"

" Have you ſeen her Bernardo?"

" O, yes; I always carry her victuals, and ſhe looks ſo *pretty*, and ſo *ſorrowful*, that I could find in my heart to let her go, if I dared."

" Will you," ſaid Clementina, " let me ſee her to night?"

" Indeed, I muſt not; if the Marcheſe ſhould know that I ever told you, he would ſend me away."

" But he ſhall not know; my mother and brother are going to Rome, and will

ſtay all night. I may ſee her without danger."

He ſhook his head.

"Now, do my good Bernardo, you know you always loved me; and have told me a thouſand times that you would never deny me any thing; but you are not ſo kind to me now as when I was five or ſix years old, and I am ſure I was not ſo good to you then as I am now."

The old man, who had loved Clementina from her infancy, for the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition (for ſhe was in every reſpect oppoſite to her mother and brother) could refuſe her no longer, and agreed, that ſhe ſhould meet him in the chapel at ſix o'clock, when he would give her the key of the apartment.

Clementina was punctual to a moment, and Bernardo ſoon made his appearance: he felt ſome qualms at reſigning the key, not from a deſire of keeping Celina a priſoner, but for fear of the Marcheſe's diſpleaſure; theſe fears he hinted to Clementina, when ſhe haſtily took the key, as he held it in his hand, and told him he ſhould not ſuffer.

" Oh! Signora, this lady is not the only priſoner in this houſe."

" Why? Who elſe is here?"

" The man, the carriage, and the horſes, are all confined."

" O! I am glad of that; then we can manage purely.—Away ſhe flew to the velvet chamber, unlocked the door with a trembling hand.—Bernardo was cloſe behind her.

Celina ſat at the window, her eyes fixed on the ſetting ſun, which darted its rays on the ſurrounding clouds, and gilt with reſplendent beauties the weſtern banks of the lake.—She turned not her head when the door opened, for ſhe heard it not—all her ſenſes were abſorbed in melancholy reflexion on her preſent ſituation.

" Signora," ſaid Clementina. [the ſound of a female voice made her ſtart.]

In the innocent youthful countenance of Clementina were depicted pity and concern. Celina felt a hope ariſe in her boſom the moment ſhe beheld her, which illumined her face with a ſmile.

" I am come, Signora, to offer you every aſſiſtance in my power to make your eſcape. It is hard for a daughter to ſay,

ſhe deſpiſes the actions of her mother! or deteſts the principles of her brother! but, be comforted, in leſs than an hour you ſhall be at liberty."

"O Lord" cried Bernardo, falling on his knees, "O holy Virgin! what will become of me? for Heaven's ſake, my dear lady do not go; the Marcheſe will never forgive me; perhaps the Ducheſs will diſcharge me, and I am ſo old no one will take me into their ſervice; do, my dear young lady, for the ſake of a poor old man, ſtay."

"No, Bernardo," ſaid Clementina, "you ſhall go with the Signora, and my aunt will protect you."

"I will protect you," returned Celina, "you ſhall go with me to Naples to the Prince Zanqui."

"I would adviſe you to go back to Rome to my aunt's, to whom I will give you a letter; ſhe, I am ſure, will protect you, and when with ſafty you can go to Naples, Bernardo will attend you; but if you go from here, my brother may overtake you before you reach Naples, nd you will be again in his power."

It was then agreed, that as ſoon as it was

dark, Bernardo ſhould let the poſtilion out of his confinement, put the horſes to the carriage, and Celina ſhould be ready at the back door.

Clementina then ſat down to write a letter to her aunt, recommending Celina to her protection, ſtating her having been detained a priſoner by her brother, that through her means and Bernardo's ſhe was ſet at liberty, for whom ſhe alſo begged her protection.

When all was ready, Bernardo gave the ſignal. Clementina led Celina to the back door, when tenderly embracing her, handed her into the carriage; nor would Bernardo depart till he firſt had kiſſed his young lady's hand.

The poſtilion was ſo elated with the emancipation, that never in his life before, did he turn his horſes heads towards Rome with ſo much real pleaſure.

CHAP. VI.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our harmleſs ardour, and abate
Short glare of life which often blinds the wiſe;
Our dying friends are pioneers to ſmooth
Our rugged paths to death. YOUNG.

LORD WINNINGTON and Mr. Hill received the account of Mr. Guraville's death with extreme concern; none could feel more ſenſibly for the afflictions of a friend than his Lordſhip. He wrote a moſt affectionate letter of condolence to Henry, which he received at Gibralter; having left England for that place before it arrived; Woodman forwarded it to him.

Mrs. Pelham lingered near eleven months after Lord Winnington arrived; after her death, his Lordſhip uſed every means in his power to ſettle her affairs, and left the eſtate, which, notwithſtanding his utmoſt exertions was employed more than three months; when all was ſettled, they took their paſſage in the firſt veſſel that left the port: their voyage was tedious, and they arrived at Liverpool in the eighth week.

Anxious to ſee the friends they had ſo long been ſeparated from, they drove poſt to London, from whence they propoſed to pay a viſit to Lutherdale Hall as ſoon as poſſible. It was evening when they arrived at the Prince of Wales's coffee-houſe; and while the ſervants diſpoſed of the luggage, they walked into the coffee-room for amuſement, and to hear what was going forward in the great world, from which they had ſo long been abſent. After they had been ſeated ſome little time, the door of the coffee-room opened, but as quickly ſhut again; Lord Winnington juſt caught a glimpſe of a venerable old man, dreſſed in a ſuit of black, and a large round hat: he ran to the door, and called him back in a tone of voice ſo ſolicitous and ſoothing,

that it won the old man's heart, and arreſted his ſteps—he turned—His Lordſhip accoſted him in French, for he ſaw by his face and air he was a native of that country; and by his forlorn and melancholy appearance he concluded that he was an emigrant.

"Who were you looking fo,, Sir?"

"No perſon, Sir; I have no friends in this land. I have, as is my cuſtom, quenched my thirſt all day with water, but in my evening walk I wiſhed to take a little porter; nature," added he, with a mournful ſigh! "requires ſomething to ſupport her; half a pint at night lulls me to ſleep, and then only do I forget my ſorrows: the light without, and attending to the appearance of the houſe, attracted me, I puſhed open the door, but a ſight of the company convinced me of my miſtake."

Do me the favour, Sir, to walk in, I wiſh to have a little converſation with you."

"My finances, Sir, are not equal to the expences of this houſe, or I would do myſelf that honour."

Your finances, Sir, ſhall not be affected

by your taking a ſeat in it for half an hour."

The old man bowed reſpectfully and entered; when he had taken his ſeat, "Sure," ſaid the venerable ſtranger, "I have ſeen you before Sir; Have I not the honor of ſpeaking to Lord Winnington? and (or I am much miſtaken) that gentleman is Mr. Hill!—Do not you remember Father Quintin?"

His Lordſhip and Mr. Hill were all aſtoniſhment: nor could they at firſt trace the features of their venerable friend, ſo great an alteration does dreſs make (they never before had ſeen him, but in a white veſt, a looſe gown of the ſame colour, a white hat and ſandals.

Lord Winnington eagerly enquired the cauſe of his being in England; he then enquired with equal anxiety after the health of Miſs Guraville, and the Abbeſs du Saint.

The old man folded his arms acroſs his breaſt, ſhook his head, and fetched a deep ſigh.

"My worthy father," cried his Lordſhip, haſtily taking his hand, "anſwer me, What is the matter?"

"Oh! may God! may I never again see such days; Madam du Saint, my dear Lord, is dead! The blow that severed my King's head from his body was a *coup de grace* to her."

"Dead!" repeated his Lordship, starting from his seat, "and where, my dear Father, is Miss Guraville?"

"Alas! my Lord, I know not; our convent was beset a few hours after the blessed spirit of our worthy Lady Abbess had fled from this world of troubles, and we took to flight, Miss Guraville, Signora Valeria, the Sacriste, and myself; we walked and ran the whole night, and in the morning, took refuge in a house about a league and a half from Nismes: I then saw the ladies safe off in a carriage for Auvignon, the Sacriste accompanied them, to render them every assistance in his power. I then determined to make the best of my way to England; for three day I lay concealed in the woods, and travelled only by night.

"In my way, I ventured to bid a last sad adieu to the venerable pile in which I had spent the greatest part of my life in peaceful meditation: the walls were still standing, but the inside was totally de-

ſtroyed. I then by ſhort journies, chiefly in the night, reached Bourdeaux; from thence I came to London in an Engliſh veſſel. I have not ſince heard of the fair fugitives, but hope they are long before this arrived at Rome."

"Gracious heaven! what diſtreſs of mind Mrs. Guraville will ſuffer, if ſhe hears that Mary is driven over the land by a ſet of lawleſs robbers!"

Father Quintin ſighed, and ſhook his head.

"I think, Sir," continued his Lordſhip, "we had better write to Mrs. Guraville, and ſet off to Italy immediately in ſearch of Mary."

"Madam Guraville! ah, poor lady! You need not write—Read that letter, my Lord."

Father Quintin then gave him a letter he had received from Woodman; ſo, on his arrival in England, he begged the captain of the veſſel to write to Mrs. Guraville an account of their diſtreſſes, and of Madam du Saint's death; for the good Father's modeſty was ſuch that he would not intrude himſelf at Lutherdale Hall till

Mrs. Guraville had ſent him an invitation.

This letter was anſwered by Woodman, who gave him an account of Mrs. Guraville's death, and of Henry's having gone to the Continent; the diſtreſs this gave Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington is inconceivable. That Henry was gone into the army they knew by a letter from Mrs. Guraville; but to hear that he was gone to the Continent added ſtill deeper to their concern. His Lordſhip was overpowered by the accumulating ills which crowded on him, and he wept. Supper was ſerved up in their apartment, but he could not eat; the half famiſhed father feaſted heartily, and retired to his lodgings, with a promiſe to return early the next morning.

Lord Winnington repeated the ſame anxious enquiries he had made the evening before, and heard the good man's tale again related; he then enquired concerning his means of living.

"Ah! my Lord, I know the length of my purſe, but I know not the number of my days; they are, I truſt, but few.—I fled deſtitute and poor from my convent,

Miſs Guraville was more provident, and when we parted, ſhe kindly forced on me one hundred louis, on which I have hitherto ſubſiſted; but I have ſpent with a ſparing hand."

"My worthy Father, fear not; exhauſt the little ſtore, for at Blair Abbey you ſhall find a home for life; I will write to my ſteward to inform him, that he may expect you in a few days, where, I hope you will make yourſelf happy untill we return."

Father Quintin gladly accepted the aſylum ſo kindly offered; for the fear of future want had rendered his days miſerable.

Mr. Hill having procured the neceſſary paſports, they left town that evening for Dover; and Father Quintin, after making a ſmall addition to his wardrobe, left London the ſame day for Blair Abbey.

At Dover Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill found a Packet ready to ſail, in which they took their paſſage to Calais; from whence they meant to pay a viſit to the camp before Valenceines, in hopes of ſeeing Henry. A fine wind blew them over in a few hours, and as they entered the

hotel, the firſt perſon they ſaw was Weldon; his Lordſhip caught his arm, and in a tone of joy ſaid, "Weldon, how do you do? Where is your maſter?"

Weldon was ſurprized at ſeeing them, but the queſtion, Where is your maſter? was like a dagger to his heart; he turned away, unable to give an anſwer. His Lordſhip ſtood petrified with aſtoniſhment at his manner.

Mr. Hill went to him and enquired, "Weldon, what is the matter? why thoſe tears? Speak for heaven's ſake!—What new misfortune awaits us?"

"Oh, Sir! pardon me, but my griefs are too great—I cannot ſpeak them—My dear—dear Maſter—is no more!"

Lord Winnington ſunk on a chair, and remained motionleſs for ſome time. Mr. Hill walked the room in ſpeechleſs agony; at length his Lordſhip uttered a deep groan which ſomewhat relieved his aching heart. Weldon, as ſoon as his feelings would permit him, related to the gentlemen the melancholy account of his maſter's death; alſo, of their unexpectedly meeting with Miſs Morley, and concluded his mournful narration (which had been frequently

interrupted by ſighs and tears), with expreſſing great uneaſineſs for Miſs Morley's ſafety, as ſhe had left Bouchain in a very weak ſtate, and intended travelling to Naples alone.

His Lordſhip could not weep. — The dreadful tale of ſorrow froze his lachrymal canals, and the tears refuſed to flow—he ſat inſenſible to all around him. Such was the effect this great and unexpected ſhock had on his Lordſhip's faculties—the death of his dear friend deeply wounded his ſoul, he was unable to proceed on his journey that day, and he detained Weldon by his ſide the whole evening, indulging in a conſtant flow of grief, which repeated accounts of the death of Henry voluptuouſly fed.

The next day they left Calais for Bouchain, having determined to viſit Henry's grave; Weldon, at their deſire, accompanied them; during their journey Lord Winnington formed a deſign of ſending his friend's body to England, which Mr. Hill highly approved. On their arrival, they made the mournful viſit, and watered the grave with tears of heartfelt ſorrow for the untimely death of the noble youth.

They ſent Weldon to the General, to inform him of their wiſh to remove the body; the general, eager to ſee the friends of Henry, immediately waited on them, and ſpoke of his unfortunate friend in ſuch terms as endeared him to them both, and at parting they promiſed to correſpond.—The body was taken up immediately; a caſe was made for the coffin, and Weldon ſet off with it to Calais.

Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington proceeded on their journey to Rome with all poſſible ſpeed, hoping to overtake Celina on the road; at the ſame time fearing what ill they might meet, as the period from their landing at Liverpool had teemed with dreadful events, at leaſt the knowledge of dreadful events had come faſt upon them.

CHAP. VII.

Cold icy horror ſeized each vein,
It's chilling graſp her vitals froze;
Her ſoul groaned deep in mental pain,
As they the tale of woe diſcloſe.

MANY little circumſtances occurred that prevented Don Guraville from beginning his voyage as ſoon as he intended, which delay was not very agreeable to either Mary or Valeria; but, in ſome degree to compenſate for it, their time was pleaſantly varied with amuſements. The kind attentions of Donna Guraville could only be equally by thoſe of her huſband, whoſe great deſire to pleaſe and render them happy was apparent in every action. At length the much wiſhed-for time arriv-

ed, and they departed from Spain in company with Don and Donna Guraville, their two ſons, and the Sacriſte. The ſecond day of their voyage a heavy ſtorm roſe, which continued with little abatement for ſeveral days; on the ſixteenth day, the captain perceived they had paſſed Cevitavecha, and found that Naples would be the firſt port moſt deſirable to make. Happy did Valeria feel when ſhe ſet her foot on her native land, for at Naples was ſhe born, and had lived till ſhe was ten years old, when on the death of ſome relations, the Palazza Porini fell to the Count her father, and he removed to Rome immediately.

To oblige the fair wanderers, Don Guraville left Naples the ſame night, and travelled with all poſſible expedition to Rome, where the good Count and Counteſs welcomed them moſt cordially; they had waited in anxious expectation for ſome weeks, and had ſuffered much on account of Valeria, as they had heard of the evacuation of the convent ſome time before they received her letter from Spain.

The next day Mary hinted to Don Guraville the anxious wiſh that they might

proceed on their journey to England, as ſoon as it was agreeable to him; Count Porini preſſed them to ſtay two or three months at Rome, ſaying, he could not have enough of the company of ſuch friends;—friends to whom he owed ſuch obligations. But Don Guraville excuſed himſelf, and ſaid, if his fair couſin would give up one week to him, he would afterwards proceed to England; nor delay one hour on the road, but theſe few days he wiſhed for to examine the beauties of that ancient city; to this Mary could not reaſonably object, and too grateful ſhe felt for the kindneſs of Don Guraville not to be anxious to promote, as much as it was in her power, any plan that could contribute to his ſatisfaction and pleaſure.

Indeed, had Mary no other dear relations to whom her thoughts reverted with anxious tenderneſs, ſhe could have paſſed the remainder of her life happily, ſurrounded by her preſent agreeable and intereſting ſociety.

On the fourth evening, after their arrival at Rome, a ſervant brought in a letter for Mary, and ſaid, that two Engliſh Gentlemen were in their carriage

at the gate; ſhe knew immediately the ſuperſcription to be Lord Winnington's writing; this unexpected pleaſure occaſioned a viſible tremour through her whole frame.

"Who is it from, my dear?" ſaid Valeria.

"From Lord Winnington," replied Mary.

"What? Lord Winnington here?" exclaimed Valeria, and away ſhe ran to the carriage, followed by her father; her lively joy for ſome time prevented the Count from inviting the ſtrangers in; which invitation they immediately accepted.

Mary received her friends with heart felt joy; but his Lordſhip felt far from being happy. After ſo long an abſence to ſee Mary again, and to ſee her in the full enjoyment of health and ſpirits, could not fail to inſpire him with pleaſure; but when he reflected on the dreadful tale he had to unfold, and that all the fond hopes in which ſhe was now indulging would, in a few hours, be annihilated, when he recollected that the dear mother and brother whom ſhe hoped in a few weeks to embrace were no more, it was with difficulty

he could conceal the painful emotions that ſwelled his boſom; as ſoon as the firſt ſalutations were over, Mary eagerly began to make her enquiries.

"Have you brought me a letter from my dear mother?"

"We have not ſeen her," ſaid his Lordſhip, with ſome emotion.

"How then did you hear that I was at Rome?"

"On the evening we arrived at London from the Weſt Indies, we met by accident Father Quintin, who informed us."

"Father Quintin!—Oh! I am happy to hear he is ſafe in England; I begged he would go to Lutherdale Hall. I am ſure he would have met with a hearty welcome there.—Then you have not yet ſeen, or heard from my brother Henry?"

"We did not allow ourſelves time to enquire after any perſon, but ſet off immediately to conduct you to England—If you will favour us with an account of your adventures from the time you parted with Father Quintin, it will oblige us much."

"Signora Valeria, my Lord, will I hope undertake the relation, her heart is at

eaſe; ſhe is happy in the ſociety of her parents and friends, and all anxieties are at an end. I have yet more friends to ſeek, and I know not why my mind is uncommonly diſturbed, and my heart beats heavily."

Valeria related minutely every circumſtance that had occurred, from the evening they left the convent to the hour they arrived at Rome: the account gave her attentive auditors both pain and ſurpriſe.

Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill congratulated Mary on the new relatives ſhe had ſo unexpectedly diſcovered, and begged to be introduced to them.

They then roſe to take their leave, when the Count inſiſted on their taking beds there, ſaying, that a party ſo intereſting in the wonderful event that had befallen each other ſhould not be ſeparated; to the Count's requeſt Valeria joined her irreſiſtible entreaties—they bowed and reſumed their ſeats.

The next morning when Mr. Hill was engaged in cloſe converſation with the Counteſs, Donna Gurraville, and Mary.

Lord Winnington beckoned to Valeria to follow him—ſhe did—He then unfolded the dreadful tale that laboured at his breaſt.

She heard the ſhocking relation with grief and diſmay; for the fate of Henry ſhe ſhed many tears—ſhe had ſeen and admired him, and his ſiſter ſhe loved with tender affection.

"And am I to be the repeater of theſe dreadful tidings? Indeed, my Lord, it is a cruel taſk? I know not where to begin?"

"I would not, Signora, impoſe it on you, but I know you can couch it in much ſofter terms than I can, and will break it to her more tenderly."

The day after this converſation, Mary and Valeria were together, when Mary obſerved, that Lord Winnington appeared unuſually out of ſpirits at breakfaſt; "But indeed," added ſhe, "he has been very gloomy ever ſince the firſt evening of his arrival, he has not that cheerful countenance and lively air he uſed to have; he has ſurely ſomething on his mind; I cannot think what it can be?"

"He has, my friend, a great weight of ſorrow on his mind."

"What! has he made you his confident?"

"He has indeed! which gives me great pain."

"Ah, Valentia! tell me? does it concern me? alas! I fear it does, or, why not have spoken of it when I was present."

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear friend, by anticipating ills; be calm and I will tell you the cause of Lord Winnington's distress.

"Our lives, dear Mary, are continually chequered by alternate joy and sorrow; the Divine Disposer of all things raises us up friends when we are in affliction; he also snatches them from us when his unfearchable wisdom sees fit—Summon all your fortitude, my Friend—remember the Omnipotent Being who inflicts the wound has also the power to heal it."

"To what Valeria does your discourse point?—For heaven's sake tell me at once. I can support any thing better than this terrible suspence.—Is my mother well?—or is she—O, my God!—what a horrid presentiment presses on my mind——or my brother—my dear Henry!——O Va-

leria! tell me immediately—ſuffer me not to remain one moment longer in this torturing uncertainty!"

Valeria burſt into tears—Mary, in an agony, threw her arms round her neck, and while the former preſſed her to her boſom—ſhe tremblingly articulated, "Tell me, Valeria!—Which am I to mourn?"

"Both—both—ſobbed out Valeria. O, my dear Mary! how my heart bleeds for you!"

"Both!" ſhrieked Mary, and ſunk lifeleſs in her arms.—Valeria laid her on the ſofa, and rang the bell for aſſiſtance; a ſervant brought ſalts; ſhe then ſent for Mr. Hill, who immediately came; he beheld the lifeleſs Mary with the tendereſt compaſſion.

As ſoon as ſhe recovered her faculties, ſhe entreated him to relate the cauſe of her mother's death, alſo her dear Henry's:—he began the mournful hiſtory, to which ſhe liſtened in ſilent anguiſh. When ſhe recollected how cruelly death had robbed her in the courſe of two years abſence, ſhe could not ſupport the bitter reflection.—She remained in her apartment the whole

day, with no other company than Valeria.

Lord Winnington thought, that the ſooner ſhe mixed with the family the ſooner her grief would be diſſipated; he therefore, in the evening, deſired permiſſion to ſee her.—Mary wiſhed for it, yet dreaded the interview, and the effuſions of grief at firſt meeting were two powerful for either.

"Are you, my Lord," ſaid Mary, as ſoon as ſhe recovered the power of utterance, "are you come to mourn with a father—mother—and brotherleſs wretch?"

"That you are an orphan and brotherleſs, is a ſource of the greateſt affliction to me; your late worthy parent I reſpected and revered; but Henry—I loved as a brother, and my grief for his loſs is equal to my love. But I hope, my dear Mary, you have too many friends, too ſincere and worthy friends, for your preſent afflicting loſs to render you perfectly wretched, and among which I hope to be numbered."

"O, my Lord! pardon me, if in this extreme of ſorrow, any thing like ingratitude ſhould eſcape me; indeed my heart means it not."

After two hours of melancholy converſtion, his Lordſhip took his leave for the night, having obtained a promiſe from Mary to join the family at dinner the next day.

On the following morning, the Counteſs and Donna Guraville paid Mary a viſit, whom they ſtill found in tears. Their diſcourſe was chearful; but they avoided every thing like mirth, as it would have been an inſult to her grief; but, indeed, their ſuſceptible hearts felt too ſincerely for the fair mourner to think of mirth, had it been neceſſary.

Mr. Hill began to feel very uneaſy at not having ſeen or heard any thing of Celina, nor had he any clue to guide his enquiries concerning her; they forbore to ſpeak of her in the preſence of Mary, being fearful of adding to the weight of ſorrow already in her mind.

At dinner, Mary appeared, and notwithſtanding her endeavours to be compoſed, ſhe evidently laboured under a heavy depreſſion;—towards the evening ſhe grew more tranquil, and ſeemed a little amuſed by the different ſubjects diſcourſed on.

At a late hour in the evening the company being engaged in ſerious and intereſting converſation, a ſervant brought in a letter, and gave it to the Counteſs—After reading it—"Bleſs me!" ſaid ſhe, "Do Dominick, ſhew the lady into the other room, and I will wait on her."

"What lady!" aſked the Count.

"Read that—I am aſtoniſhed!"

He peruſed the letter, and returned it, ſaying, "Indeed, my dear, I am not—I *have* long *known him to be a villain!*——I will attend you to the lady:" The Count and Counteſs then left the room, after making an apology to their friends.

"Now, would I give a trifle to know what all this means; it is ſomething very ſtrange and myſterious—'I have long known him to be a villain,' are harſher words than my father is accuſtomed to uſe.

"Worſe cannot be ſaid of any man," replied his Lordſhip."

"No doubt the Count has good reaſons for what he aſſerts," ſaid Don Guraville.

So paſſed the time till the Count returned.

"My Lord," said he, as he entered, "I am almost led to suppose that England is the island of beauties; the Countess now has an English lady with her, whom she will introduce presently; the most perfect work of nature I have ever seen; her features are delicately soft, and her form as symetry itself."

"I believe few countries can boast of more fine women than England, but I confess I am all impatience to behold one of her fairest daughters."

As Lord Winnington concluded this sentence, the Countess entered, leading in a lady.

"Give me leave Miss Granville to introduce this lady to you, as you are of the same country; I present her to you first.—Mary rose to receive the stranger, when they both exclaimed in the same instant—Mary—Celina—and flew into each other's arms. Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington both rose up to join in the embrace; she was then introduced to the rest of the company, and a general congratulation took place.

Mr. Hill was desirous of knowing the

cauſe of her ſudden appearance, and the air of myſtery it carried. She related how the Marcheſe Spignitori took her to his mother's caſtle, and the manner in which Clementina had aſſiſted her to eſcape.

The Counteſs condemned the conduct of her ſiſter-in-law; ſaid it was not the firſt time ſhe had drawn a bluſh on her cheek. It was late before they thought of retiring for the night, when Mary requeſted that Celina might ſleep with her. The morning dawned long before they cloſed their eyes; they had much to relate, but their tales were melancholy, and many a bitter tear they ſhed in each other's arms.

When they aroſe, their eyes and palid looks bore teſtimony how they had ſpent the night, and Mr. Hill declared that they ſhould be ſeparated if they any more made ſuch bad uſe of it.

The poſtillion ſoon informed the Abbe Beneſico what had happened to himſelf and Celina; when the good Abbe made his appearance the next morning with a letter for Celina, from the Princeſs Zanqui, expreſſing the utmoſt impatience to ſee her; alſo, that ſhe expected Mr. Bent-

ham in a few days; ſhe ſhewed the letter to Mr. Hill, and aſked his advice.

After much debate, it was determined that the whole family ſhould viſit Naples, except the Count and Counteſs, as it was a country all the gentlemen wiſhed to ſee; nor was the Sacriſte left out, the Count retained him at his table out of gratitude for his kind care of his daughter. Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill paid him every attention in their power; and ſuch was the goodneſs of his diſpoſition, and the humble ſimplicity of his manners, that he gained a friend in the heart of each.

Their journey to Naples was pleaſant, and the ſcene ſomewhat enlivened Mary's mind, but it ſtill retained a *ſombre* caſt; they took apartments at the Crocelle, where the maſter welcomed Celina back.

The next morning ſhe paid a viſit to the Princeſs Zanqui, where ſhe found Mr. Bentham; he was overjoyed to ſee her, but no tidings of Edward.

The Princeſs Zanqui was much diſappointed that Celina could not reſide with her, alſo at the ſhort time they purpoſed ſtaying at Naples.

As Celina had before ſeen all the curioſities of the place, ſhe excuſed herſelf from attending Mary and her party in their excurſions, which time ſhe divided between the Princeſs Zanqui and Mr. Bentham; with the former, ſhe viſited thoſe ladies ſhe had had the honor of being introduced to by the Princeſs, to take her leave; and with the latter, ſhe ſtrayed to thoſe haunts ſhe had formerly frequented with Edward. Sometimes alone would ſhe viſit the favourite tomb, and there hold imaginary converſe with him, and in thoſe moments did ſhe live whole ages of future happineſs: but alas! poor deluded Celina! not one—one day was ever realized.

Mr. Bentham was obliged to leave Naples in a few days for England; he gave her his addreſs, and ſhe not knowing where ſhe might be, deſired him to direct to her at Lutherdale Hall.

They paſſed three weeks at Naples, in which time they dined ſeveral times with the Prince Zanqui; both he and the Princeſs expreſſed much indignation at the inſult offered to Celina by the Marcheſe Spignitori: but ſince, in that country, it

only came under the head of galantry, it could not be taken notice of but by the lady's friends, and as they intended ſo ſoon to leave Italy it would not be poſſible they could do ſo.

At parting, the Prince and Princeſs made every profeſſion of ſincere friendſhip to Celina. They ſpent a few days on their return with the Count Porini, who promiſed to retain Bernardo in his ſervice for life; and Lord Winnington ordered the Engliſh banker to pay him quarterly, to the amount of ſeventy pounds a year.

Valeria felt the ſincereſt regret at parting with Mary, and extorted a promiſe from her that ſhe would make a ſecond viſit to Rome as ſoon as the war was at an end.

They took their journey over that part of the Alps which Celina had travelled twice before, and continued their rout to Hambro', and arrived in England on the fifth week after their departure from Rome. The ſimilar, but diſtreſſing ſenſations Mary and Celina felt when they ſet foot on their native land, were viſible to all.

"I was rich," ſighed Mary, "in dear relations when I left my native home, a father, mother, brother, and ſiſter; now,

alas! all but one, are torn from me!"

"I have not ſo many," replied Celina, "to mourn, but I have loſt my all!"

"I cannot allow this comparing of notes," ſaid his Lordſhip, taking a hand of each, "you ſhall be ſeparated."

"Do not, my Lord, be ſo cruel, the only conſolation I can at preſent feel is to talk over my ſorrows," rerurned Celina.

As Lord Winnington had no houſe in town, they ſtaid in the metropolis but two days. Mary felt a reſtleſs anxiety to ſee once more her dear Eliza; and Lord Winnington inſiſted that Don Guraville and his family ſhould be his viſitors during their ſtay in England.

CHAP. VIII.

She let no borrow'd roſe her cheek adorn,
Her bluſhing cheek that ſham'd the purple morn;
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils
Or ſtudied geſtures, or well practiſed ſmiles,
She ſcorn'd the toys which render beauty leſs
She proved the engaging chaſtity of dreſs.

SPENSTONE.

FATHER QUINTIN was the firſt to welcome them; Mary and the ſervants received his warmeſt embrace; and with an eager ear did he liſten to the account of their adventures from the time he parted with them, till they happily ſat down at Rome.

Mary, anxious to embrace her ſiſter, left Blair Abby on the ſecond day with Celina, Donna Guraville, and Mr. Hill; his Lord-

ſhip, Don Guraville and ſons promiſed to follow in a few days.

On entering Lutherdale Hall Mary's ſenſations were extremely painful; each room, each chair, brought ſtrongly to her recollection thoſe dear friends ſhe had for ever loſt! kind and efficacious were Mr. Hill's endeavours to draw her mind from dwelling on ſubjects ſo gloomy.

Woodman received Mary with tender reſpect, but his old eyes told the grief of his heart. Soon after her arrival, ſhe wrote a note to Mrs. Bouvrie, expreſive of the obligations ſhe felt for her kindneſs to Eliza: and that next morning ſhe hoped to thank her in perſon.

It would be difficult to ſay which received the moſt, or moſt fervent of Eliza's careſſes, Mary, or Celina; the meeting was truly grateful on all ſides.

Mrs. Bouvrie begged to be favoured with Celina's company for a few days, as ſhe was to loſe Eliza; alſo, that the common favorite Chloe, ſhe ſhould retain, to which Celina conſented; and Mary ſaid, after a few weeks Eliza ſhould pay her reſpects to her whenever ſhe deſired it.

A few days after Mary arrived at Lutherdale Hall, a ſervant brought in a card ſaying, that a Mrs. Wingrove was in her carriage at the gate, and begged to be admitted.

"Mrs. Wingrove! why Woodman," ſaid Mary, "Is Mr. Wingrove married?"

"Yes, madam."

"To whom?"

"I do not know the lady, ſhe is from the weſt of this country; it is but a few weeks ſince the union took place."

"I will wait on her in the breakfaſt parlour." When Mary entered, ſhe had the pleaſure of meeting in Mrs. Wingrove her old friend Miſs Bean; the joy was reciprocal, and many hours were ſpent in relating the different diſaſters that had befallen them in their eſcape from their Convent.

Miſs Bean and her aunt, without knowledge or intent, took in their fright the direct road toward Bourdeaux; at about eight miles diſtant from the Convent they took refuge in a cottage; the people uſed them kindly, and in the morning furniſhed her aunt with another dreſs, which, tho' poor and coarſe, was to be preferred to her

habit which she left in exchange, with the addition of a little money.

Sometimes on foot, and sometimes in a carriage, which chance now and then directed to them, they reached Bourdeaux, from thence they got to England.—When they arrived in London, which was the port the ship was bound to, they found themselves poor, destitute strangers! the little money they possessed was unequal to the Captain's demand, but he took it; and with it a promise that the rest should be sent as soon as they reached Devonshire.

By the help of his directions they proceeded to the inn, from whence the Exeter stage set out; but so dirty and deplorable was their appearance, that they were refused places within the coach; nor would the coach man suffer them to take seats on the out side without first paying his demand.

In vain did Miss Bean relate her situation, and promise that her father would repay him doubly, if he would take them and supply them on the road with a little bread to support nature.

But he told them, "It vont do;-I'm up to your cant;—mus'nt think to queer

me.—I'm no to be done—tip me none of your palaver."

Miſs Bean, to whom theſe phraſes were as unintelligible as Madame Grandville's broken Engliſh was to the man, put her arm within her aunts, ſighed! and walked away, with hearts ſinking with anguiſh!

As they paſſed through the ſtreets, they excited much wonder, but not one curiouſly kind heart did they meet, to enquire into their diſtreſſes, or ſhew the leaſt inclination to releive them.

After frequent enquires, they found themſelves at Hyde Park Corner, and happy did they feel that their path was not ſo often croſſed by the rude ſtranger, whoſe unkind gaze often drew a tear from their eyes, and a bluſh on their cheek.

It was ſometime after dark when they reached Hounſlow,

"O, my niece!" ſaid Madame Grandville, "I can walk no further! can you condeſcend to aſk for aſſiſtance?"

"I will, my dear aunt, your wants will make me bold;' 'they had walked nearly thro' the town when they ſtopped at a large inn, ſhivering with wet and cold; for they

had been expoſed to ſeveral pelting ſhowers of hail and rain, they turned in at the door; the miſtreſs, unaccuſtomed to receive foot paſſengers, met them in the paſſage, and kindly enquired what they wanted.

Miſs Bean worn out with fatigue and ſorrow, could not tell her tale; twice did ſhe begin,—but her full heart ſwelled in her boſom! and ſtopped her utterance.

At this moment a carriage drove to the door, attended by two out-riders in ſmart liveries; the ſupplicating females were forgot, and the landlady went to welcome in an elegant young man, who ſkipped from the carriage all health and ſpirits. The diſtreſſed females caught his eye—he ſtoped.

"What is the matter?"

"I do not know Sir; the eldeſt of the two ſeems to be a foreigner, and the youngeſt is too full of grief to tell her wants."

The gentleman ſaw that their form, air, and perſons, did not correſpond with the dirt and wretchedneſs of there dreſs, deſired them to follow him: as ſoon as they reached the room, Madame Grandville ſunk on a chair, and fainted.—When ſhe came to herſelf, Miſs Bean ſaid, "fatigue and want

is the cauſe; we have not eat or drank for theſe laſt eighteen hours."

Some warm wine and a toaſt were immediately ordered, and he inſiſted that Miſs Bean ſhould take a glaſs before ſhe related to him who ſhe was.

The wine ſhe greedily ſwallowed, then briefly related their flight from France; and that they were travelling to Devonſhire, to her father, whoſe name ſhe mentioned.

"Heavens!" ſaid Mr. Wingrove, (for it was no other man that thus charitably fed the hungry,)—"is you name Bean? I dined with your father the day before I left Exeter; he is building a houſe; it is juſt finiſhed, and he told me he ſhould go in the ſpring to fetch you home."

Miſs Bean was overjoyed to find that her father was known to him; ſhe no longer feared her ſtory would be doubted.—The landlady was immediately employed to furniſh them with a change of things—Never before did either of them know the true comfort of dry cloaths, and a good warm ſupper,

The next morning Mr. Wingrove diſpatched one of his ſervants to a ware houſe

in London, for every neceſſary article of dreſs for the ladies; and the morning after they ſet out for Exeter.

On their arrival, Mr. Wingrove ſent for Mr. Bean, who was very buſy attending the preparing and painting of his houſe, though it was not a very favourable ſeaſon for that buſineſs, yet he would have it done that he might leave England early in the ſpring.

When he came to the Hotel, he expreſſed himſelf much ſurpriſed to find Mr. Wingrove returned.

"Why, Sir," ſaid he, "I picked up two ladies on the road, and have brought them to you."

"Me, God bleſs'ee, es wants no ladies, not ti; es wants nert but my Emily."

"But ſuppoſe it ſhould be your Emily, what would you ſay?"

"My Emily! what my daughter! where, how, how, could you find my daughter?"

"I have found her, Sir, and will ſoon bring her to you."—He then went out and led in Madame Grandville and Miſs Bean.

The good father preſſed her to his breaſt, and wept for joy; his ſiſter alſo her received very kindly.—He jumped about, and order-

ed a good ſupper; vowed he would never part with Mr. Wingrove, who had ſo kindly taken care of his Emily.

"What can I do to make you amends? You have been ſo cruel kind to her. I never can repay you."

"Why, my friend, I fed the lady when ſhe was hungry, and cloathed her when ſhe ſtood in need of cloaths, in doing which I felt ſo much pleaſure that I would aſk the right of doing ſo for life."

"What de ye mean? zure ye would not marry my Emily!"

"If it meets with the lady's approbation, and your's, it would make me the happieſt of men."

"Why, whot do ee tello, and be ye in love with my Emily zure!"

Miſs Emily poſſeſſes my warmeſt eſteem, and if I am ſo happy as not to be indifferent to her, I ſhall indulge the hope of one day being bleſt with her fair hand."

"Well, well, we ſhall zee, es will tell the girl all you zay."

Miſs Bean accepted Mr. Wingrove, and in a few weeks they were married—Madame Grandville not liking to live with her bro-

ther, went to Winchester and was received among the ladies who fled from France to that asylum.

Mary wrote a circumstantial account of Miss Bean's and Madame Grandville's journey to Father Quinton, who determined to make that lady a visit very soon.

Lord Winnington, Lord Graville, and his sons, arrived at Lowndale Hall a few days after Mary.—He was happy to find her so much reconciled to the cruel losses she had suffered, and soon took an opportunity of speaking to her of himself,—hitherto he had only conducted himself towards her as a friend, he wished to be received as a man who felt for her the tenderest affection, and who hoped to devote the remainder of his life to her.

Mary received this declaration with surprise, but as Lord Winnington had long been the favourite of her heart! and as no proposal could have been more congenial to her wishes, she scorned by an affected doubt, or disapprobation, to give him equivocal answers; but blushing, told him that he had a friend with whom he ought to

conſult,—and whom ſhe doubted not was equally her's—if he approves.

"He does approve, and I am happy!"

Mary ſoon communicated to Celina how affairs went on with herſelf and Lord Winnington, which gave her real pleaſure to hear.

His Lordſhip continued at Lutherdale Hall ſome weeks, but with ſuch propriety did he conduct himſelf, that the moſt ſcrutinizing eye could not diſcover that Mary was the object of his affections;—no ſide glances; no ſqueezes of the hand, or fondly lolling againſt each other; ſuch fooleries he ſcorned, and Mary would have bluſhed at.

Don Guraville, by the advice of Mr. Hill, ſent his ſons to ſchool, and when they had learned Engliſh, it was his intention that the eldeſt ſhould go to College. Donna Guraville felt much at parting with her ſons; but no two more ſincerely grieved at the ſeparation than Eliza and Alonza; they had been inſeparable companions from their firſt meeting, and under her inſtructions he had learned to

ſpeak tolerable Engliſh; and Eliza gathered from him much Spaniſh.

Father Quintin, and the Sarcriſte, a few days after Lord Winnington left Blair Abby, ſet out on a viſit to Madam Grandville—the old lady was everjoyed to ſee them, and much pleaſure did they feel in recounting their adventures.

As Father Quintin found many good jolly Fathers and Clergymen in Wincheſter, with whoſe company and converſation he was much pleaſed, he ſtaid there more then a fortnight.

On there return home, at a ſmall town, where they ſtopped to change horſes, there was a fair held, the novely of which attracted the Sarcriſte's notice, and he prevailed on Father Quintin to ſtay the day there: the ruſtic games and amuſements diverted them much.

Towards evening, as they were returning to their inn, a woman called out from a window, "Father, father," knowing it to be a common appelation, he took no notice, when ſoon he felt ſome one pull his coat; he turned round and found it was the woman who called to him.

"Father," ſaid ſhe, "a dying man of your church would ſpeak to you."

"I will go, my daughter, to him, Where is he?"

"Follow me," ſaid the woman, ſhe led them into a ſmall neat houſe, the Sacriſte remained below while the good father went to adminiſter comfort to the dying man above.

He found the ſick man in bed, he had ſcarcely ſtrength enough remaining to ſpeak; after ſaying a few comfortable prayers, the good father proceeded to take the confeſſion of the man; among the reſt, the crime that oppreſſed him moſt was, he ſaid, "That near ten years ago he confiſcated a very large ſum of money that belonged to a poor orphan, and he knew not but the child died for want: two or three years ago, I endeavoured to diſcover where he was, but to no effect. I then retired from the buſineſs in which I was engaged, to this obſcure town, here have I lived with no other companion then the ſervant you ſaw, and my burthened conſcience."

"Have you any of the money left?" ſaid Father Quintin.

"O, yes! twice the ſum!"

"Then, if you have any relations, leave all the money you have over the ſum you took from the poor child to them."

"I have no relations."

"Then we muſt ſeek out ſome worthy diſtreſſed families, and give to each a little."

"Diſpoſe of it as you will, my good father, ſo my poor ſoul may be at reſt."

After much more converſation, and many more prayers, in which the poor ſinner evinced great contrition and repentance, the good Father proceeded to adminiſter the ſacrament

"I have a young friend below who will communicate with us," ſaid Father Quintin.

As the Sacriſte approached the bed, the dying man uttered a dreadful cry! and hid his face in the bed, which ſhook with his convulſive ſtarts.

"Heavens!" ſaid the Sacriſte, "have I frightened the poor ſoul?"

"Oh! it is him, or his ghoſt; O, my wounded peace! my tortured conſcience!"

then lifting his face from the bed-cloathes his eyes ſtared wildly—"Do you know me young man?" "No" replied the Sarcriſte.

"What is your name?"

"Jaques le Bouvaud."

"Oh! the ſame! God be thanked; I now can make ample reſtitution!"

"What!" ſaid Father Quintin, drawing cloſe to the bed, "Is this the youth you have wronged?"

"Yes, he is the ſame; his father and I were ſworn friends, but the evil ſpirit tempted me to prove myſelf a bitter enemy to his orphan ſon! Can you forgive a repentant ſinner the great injuries he has done you?" He held out his hand, which Sarcriſte took in his, and preſſed it tenderly.—"I do forgive you from my ſoul! may God Almighty as freely forgive you!"

"O! thou generous heart, that canſt forgive the moment he aſks for it, the man who has robbed you of every livre you were worth; and left you to the mercy of ſtrangers for bread, and at an age when you were not able to help yourſelf, and you know not but all the money I took from

you may be gone like chaff before the wind."

"I am ſatisfied that you repent of your ſins; and I hope you will leave this world in as full confidence of the Almighty's pardon, as I ſhould wiſh you to do of mine."

"True chriſtian goodneſs like your's muſt be rewarded; and this good Father will inform you how."

"Take theſe papers, good father, they will ſhew you what funds my money is in, and how much. I leave you my executor, and Jaques le Bouvaud my ſole legatee."

A lawyer was ſent for, and in a few minutes a ſhort will was executed. The good father then proceeded to perform his religious duties, and the ſick man was comforted.

Father Quintin retired to reſt, but the Sarcriſte remained all night by the bed ſide. Mons. la Eſque appeared very compoſed, and ſlept much—but he grew evidently worſe, and about ſix the next morning ſunk into death.

Father Quintin wrote to inform his Lordſhip of this very unexpected good fortune of the Sarcriſte's, and that they ſhould ſtay

till the body was buried, and the goods of the houſe diſpoſed of.

On their return to Blair Abbey, they found a letter from his Lordſhip, expreſſing a wiſh to ſee them at Lutherdale Hall, which ſummons they inſtantly obeyed, numerous were the congratulations the Sarcriſte received, and none but happy faces were ſeen.

Celina ſtill remained with Mr. Bouvrie, but made frequent viſits to Lutherdale Hall. Yet there was ſomething endearing to her in Beach Park.—The room where ſhe firſt ſaw Edward after ſhe left town,—the garden in which they had walked together—all were objects dear to her.

When the time of mourning for her mother and brother was expired, Mary conſented to accept of Lord Winnington's hand—the intermediate time he was engaged in buying a houſe in town, and furniſhing it.

The marriage took place at Lutherdale Hall, Celina attended her friend as bride's maid, and Mrs. Bouvrie ſpent the day there; no ſtranger was preſent but Mr. Mordant, who arrived the evening before, he was an

acquaintance of his Lordſhip's, and had known him long, though there was no great degree of intimacy between them, yet he thought him an amiable young man, and as his Henry was for ever gone, he wiſhed to ſupply his place, but feared he never ſhould meet his equal.

Mary looked elegant, and charmingly intereſting; when ſhe entered the breakfaſt parlour, ſhe enquired for Celina; ſhe was not come.—Donna Guraville, who was attired quite in the Engliſh fathion, did the honors of the breakfaſt table. His Lordſhip was in high ſpirits, Mr. Hill wore his uſual ſmile—Don Guraville was delighted—Father Quintin rubbed his hands and took ſnuff—the Sarceriſte, and Eliza were trying which could firſt diſcover Mr. Bouvrie's carriage; and Mr. Mordant looked all things.

At length the carriage appeared, and all ran to conduct the ladies in. Mr. Bouvrie entered with Mr. Hill, and Celina with his Lordſhip.

What a little angel! repeated Mr. Mordant ſoftly;—though not ſo ſoftly but the Sarceriſte heard, who was ſtanding by; they

proceeded to church in their carriages, where the ceremony was performed by the good old curate, who returned to dinner with the company, all were ſerenely gay, but poor Celina, who ſecretly drew compariſons between her friends nuptials and her own, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe could reſtrain the ſtarting tear.

She looked lovely! beyond deſcription—but her ſpirits were uncommonly depreſſed, which threw a ſoft melancholy over every feature.

In the evening ſhe returned with Mrs. Bouvrie to the great diſappointment of Mr. Mordant, who had looked and loved the whole day: a ſhort time after he took an opportunity to ſpeak of Celina to Mr. Hill, who informed him that ſhe was an Orphan without fortune; he ſpoke in the higheſt terms of her father, and with the moſt fervent enthuſiaſm; recounted the amiable virtues ſhe poſſeſſed, and concluded by declaring himſelf her warmeſt friend.

Mr. Mordant then candidly confeſſed, that Miſs Morley was the firſt woman he had ever ſeen, whose company gave him particular pleaſure—that the inſtant ſhe entered

the room, he felt ſenſations ſuch as never agitated his heart before, and he was convinced ſhe was neceſſary to the peace, and comfort of his life.

Such an offer Mr. Mordant is far ſuperiour to Miſs Morley's hopes, though I may venture to affirm not ſo to her merits. I will ſee her this evening, and hint to her your wiſhes of being permitted to pay your attentions to her, all her friends muſt wiſh you ſucceſs. Mr Hill found Celina alone, Mrs. Bouvrie being gone with her maid to viſit a poor cottager who was ill.

In the courſe of converſation, Mr. Hill aſked Celina what ſhe thought of Mr. Mordant.

"I have not been enough in his company to venture my opinion, but if I may judge from the little I have ſeen, I think him a ſenſible well informed man, there appears to be none of that careleſs *fang froid* about him, which many of our young men of faſhion effect,"

"I am glad Celina to find that your opinion and mine ſo well agree reſpecting him, I can alſo inform you, he has entertained even a far more favourable idea of

you—(Celina blushed) he this morning in the most open and honourable manner declared to me his sentiments concerning you, and I willingly undertook the embassy to make his propositals, and know if his visits will be accepted."

"I am sorry, Sir, to say you cannot take back a favourable answer."

"I am sorry too, Celina. Does my friendship for your late father, and yourself, authorise the liberty of asking your objection? he is an amiable young man of rank, and of fashion, the eldest nephew of Lord ——, and his present income is at least seven thousand a year, you have already owned that he is agreeable in his manners; and his person, all must allow, is manly and elegant."

"My dear Sir, I cannot contradict any thing you have said in favour of Mr. Mordant, I do allow him to possess even more beauties and virtues than you have enumerated yet I cannot accept of the honour he, through you, offers me. The long and proved friendship that existed between you and my father, and which since his death, you have transferred to his child, demands

from me the moſt ingenuous and explicit reaſons for my refuſing Mr. Mordant's hand."

"Long has it been a weight on my mind, but the fear of incurring your diſpleaſure tied my tongue. To my dear father on his death-bed did I confeſs it: and he forgave me; you will not ſurely be more unkind."

Here, paſt ſcenes crowded ſo faſt on her mind, and her boſom grew ſo agitated, ſhe could utter only ſighs!

Mr. Hill affected by her extreme diſtreſs, flew to the ſofa on which ſhe ſat, and ſupported her head on his boſom!

"Tell me, my dear child! ſpeak the great grief that labours at your breaſt; fear not to find me leſs kind than you dear father!"

"Will you, indeed, forgive and pity me; when I tell you that I am married?

"Married, Celina! to whom?"

As ſoon as ſhe could compoſe herſelf, ſhe related the full account of her mariage with Edward, whom Mr. Hill recollected frequently to have ſeen at Mr. Morleys.

He felt extremely ſorry at her having given her hand to Edward, as he had pro-

miſed himſelf the happineſs, to ſee the daughter of his friend more in that rank of life; he knew ſhe would do honour to.

However, he could ſee no crime in what ſhe had done; he ſincerely hoped ſhe would one day be happy! he tenderly embraced her, and aſſured her of his laſting friendſhip; promiſed to be ſecret reſpecting her marriage.

To Mr. Mordant, "he ſaid, it would be right to give the real cauſe of her rejecting his offer, but no name ſhould be mentioned."

The next morning Mr. Mordant anxious to know the event of Mr. Hill's viſit, watched his coming out of his chamber, they walked into the garden—Mr. Hill, without much preface, informed him that Celina was fully ſenſible of his worth, and the honour he had done her by the offer, but that full eleven months before, while abroad ſhe had given her hand to a young gentleman, to whom ſhe had been attached for ſome years; that he was now abroad, and it was neceſſary that the mar-

riage ſhould remain a ſecret untill he returned.

Mr. Mordant received this account with viſible marks of diſtreſs.

"He ſaid, that the circumſtance of her being married was a death blow to his hopes, *but* that he honoured Celina's ingenuous conduct towards him, and hoped he might be admitted to the liſt of her friends.

In a few weeks Lord and Lady Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Eliza, with their foreign friends, went to town where Don Guraville took a houſe, having received private information from his friends in Barcelona, that it was confidentially, though privately reported, that their monarch was inclined to take part with the French againſt England and Auſtria, which account determined him to ſtay in England, he therefore loſt no time in having all the property he had at Barcelona, (which was very conſiderable) collected, and the money remitted to England.

Monſieur Jaques le Bouvard in poſſeſſion of upwards of nine thouſand pounds, judged it not right to live any longer on the bounty of Lord Winnington, he took a

ſmall houſe for himſelf and Father Quintin, a ſhort diſtance from Don Guraville's, but was of little uſe except to ſleep in, as their days were almoſt all ſpent at Lord Winnington's, or Don Guraville's.

CHAP. IX.

Rebellion's ſpirit ſtalked abroad,
Struck grief and terror through each loyal heart;
Far from her arms, her heart's lov'd Lord!
She ſunk oppreſs'd by poverty's cold ſmart.

ONE extreme cold day as Monſ. le Bouvard was returning from the city, he paſſed a tall thin figure of a woman, meanly cloathed with a baſket of vegetables under her arm, he thought he had ſome recollection, though a confuſed one, of her face, which bore the marks of diſtreſs and ſorrow; he ſtopped and amuſed himſelf at a ſhop

window while ſhe paſſed, he then followed her to a ſmall miſerable houſe in Somerstown, which ſhe entered, near he ſaw a little chandler's ſhop; at which he enquired who lived at the houſe he obſerved the woman enter, he was told that a French woman and her daughter lodged there, that they were in extreme diſtreſs, and the young woman took in needle work for their ſupport. He was now convinced that his conjectures were right; he went to the apartment and knocked at the door, it was opened by the ſame tall thin figure he had followed; the young woman ſat by a miſerable fire at work. As the door opened, ſhe lifted up her languid eyes, and he inſtantly recognized the once beautiful and gay Madam Crilnaud, for ſhe was not ſo changed by grief and hardſhip as her mother.

She immediately recollected the Sarcriſte, a momentary confuſion threw over her palid cheek a lively tint, his appearance recalled too forcibly to her mind the affluence, and happineſs ſhe enjoyed when laſt ſhe ſaw him.

He begged to know the cauſe of their coming to England, which ſhe briefly re-

lated, Madam Crilnaud could only anſwer by ſighs and tears.

"Three or four days after we were informed by the Paris papers, that my dear father had ſuffered only for being connected with a houſe, the head partner of which had a few weeks before been put to a cruel death, though the only crime alleged againſt him was, that he loved his king. Four men came to Auvignon to ſeize my father's papers and effects, under pretence that they were traiterous to the convention, they had alſo an order to bring my mother and myſelf to Paris to be examined: we were appriſed of this by the Commandant a few moments before they entered our houſe, and we made our eſcape, but had not time to take any thing with us, and my mother had not more then twenty louis in her pocket, we met with no interruption on our way to England, ſince then we have obſerved the moſt rigid œconomy, and I have done every thing in my power to add to the little we have, by taking in all the needle work I can procure.

Monſ. le Bouvard both felt and expreſſed great concern for their misfortunes. The

moment he returned home, he encloſed a twenty pound note in a ſheet of paper directed it to Madam Crilnaud, and ſent it by a ſervant; he then went to Lady Winnington, to inform her of their diſtreſſed ſituation, her ladyſhip's feelings were ſenſibly touched with the account. All Madam Crilnaud's former kindneſs ruſhed on her mind, and ſhe determined to repay her liberality treble-fold.

The next day Lord and Lady Winnington paid them a viſit, her Ladyſhip could not conceal her emotion on beholding their miſerable abode! ſo different from their handſome reſidence at Auvignon, ſhe inſiſted on taking them home with her; they accepted the invitation with unſpeakable pleaſure, but begged a few days to put their wardrobe in a little order, which the bounty of Monſ. le Bouvard had enabled them to do. Mary then preſented them with a fifty pound note, and Lord Winnington unſeen, left them two others on the table.

They provided themſelves with every neceſſary and in a few days joined the happy family in Portman Square.

Soon after chriſtmas Celina and Mrs. Bouvrie came to town on a viſit to Lady Winnington, and in the courſe of the ſpring Madam Crilnaud gave her hand to Monſ. le Bouvard.

Two years did Celina anxiouſly wait in expectation of hearing from her Edward, when Mr. Hill adviſed her to write to Mr. Bentham, who, in his anſwer, ſaid,

" My dear Madam,

I ſhould have wrote to you before, had I any ſatisfactory account to give of my worthy friend, impatient myſelf to hear of him, I wrote to his uncle; his anſwer was full of ſelf reproach and contrition, he, not having had letters as he expected, grew anxious and uneaſy, he ſent a perſon to make every enquiry poſſible for his nephew, as far as Alexandria, but to no purpoſe. All that could be learned was, that a ſhort time ſince two public caravans were ſeized and plundered by the Arabs, and the greateſt probability is, that our dear Edward was travelling with one of them.

But as this is only conjecture, I am willing to hope the beſt, and let me inſtruct

you not to let this report afflict you too much, do not yet give yourself up asa *Widowed Bride.*

That my much respected friend may yet return to make his faithful Celina happy, and rejoice the hearts of all his friends, is the sincere hope and prayer of,

your faithful friend,

A. BENTHAM."

This afflicting account rendered Celina truly wretched, she shewed the letter to Mr. Hill, who sincerely sympathized in her sorrows, and with an affection truly paternal he supported her sinking spirits, and assiduously sought every means to cheer and and enliven her mind. Celina's grateful heart felt and acknowledged his kindness; she ever looked up to him not only as a faithful friend and adviser, but as a tender and indulgent father; unwilling to render her friends unhappy, she sighed and wept in secret for her Edward, and as to none but Mr. Hill was the cause of her sorrows known, so from all but him, did she wish to conceal them.

Madam Crilnaud undertook Eliza's edu-

cation, between whom and Alonza Guraville a ſtrong attachment was viſible, and it was the intention of their friends not to oppoſe it ſhould it increaſe.

Celina's time was divided between Mrs. Bouvrie and Lady Winnington, now and then ſhe paid a viſit to Mr. Hill at Richmond, to which place he ſometimes retired

Celina's heart ever partakes in the general happineſs of her friends, but in all probability ſhe will mourn till the end of her exiſtence the uncertain fate of her Edward!

THE END.

Printed by A. Paris, Rolls' Buildings, Fetter Lane.